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From a series of human interest studies of Lincoln by leading American painters, sponsored by the Lincoln National Life Insurance Co.

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From an old print

Thanksgiving

SARAH CORBIN ROBERT

President General, N.S.D.A.R.

THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the Armistice approaches. Would that with it might come thanks for the blessings of peace. Present world conditions, however, lead to questions: Was it all in vain? Have hopes and ideals vanished? Will nations ever achieve amicable adjustment of their problems? In our disappointment we blame the nations as something remote and beyond the control of the citizenry, as "they" and not as "we."

A great portion of our country was recently devastated by wind and flood to an extent hitherto unknown. The press reported that, during the first night, in severely afflicted communities, truck loads of furniture were hauled away from damaged houses, and that the National Guard was necessary to prevent further looting of homes and stores. Men taking advantage of the calamities befalling their fellows to satisfy their own greed!

As long as such conditions continue, the problem of international relationship remains a problem of individual adjustment. As long as that condition continues, the police protection of nations, as well as of communities, must be maintained. The nation rises no higher than the average level of its citizens. As one contemplates the Armistice, past effort seems to have been in vain; future accomplishment well-nigh hopeless.

There remains one great and over-powering cause for National Thanksgiving.

The extent of destruction in our northeastern states is beyond comprehension of those who have not seen. Loss of hundreds of thousands of bushels of apples of this year's crop does not tell the story, for in some orchards one-third to one-half of the trees are down, lessening the crops for years to come. The same is true of the great groves of maples in the states of the maple sugar industry. This year's crop of tobacco is not only a total loss, but the sheds intended to house future crops are mere heaps of trash. The splintered boards along the water's edge are all that is left of the fishing industry of many communities. More than all, hearts are heavy with the loss of friends and relatives; scarcely a family untouched. Devastation unspeakable!

Riding through these states within a few days after the storm, one becomes impressed with a strange calmness; sun shining, men working clearing streets, building detours at washed-out bridges, telephone lines being untangled and repaired, rehabilitation on the march! Young men came by truck load from distant places, offering to help, skilled linemen and electricians moved from one city to another, sleeping only en route. A young woman in a telegraph office said to a patron over the telephone: "Not so fast, please, I can't quite keep up." The woman sending the message asked, "Have you been working overtime?" "Thirty-one hours, and my fingers are a little stiff."

Steady, healthy activity everywhere, and even some smiles!

Thanksgiving! Amid all the sorrows, all the conflicts between nations, all the losses of our people, we have a cause for National Thanksgiving.

The magnificence of the American spirit is still with us. For that spirit, let us give thanks. With it, let us face the future.



PAINTED BY W. B. CHAMBERS AND ENGRAVED FOR "CODEY'S LADY'S BOOK" BY W. C. ARMSTRONG. THIS PORTRAIT OF MRS. HALE WAS DONE EXPRESSLY FOR CODEY'S TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY EDITION WHEN SHE WAS SIXTY-TWO

Let Us Give Thanks

The story of Sarah Josepha Hale, first great editor of her sex,
and of her successful campaign for the national celebration of
Thanksgiving Day

VERNA EUGENIA MUTCH

THE idea of Thanksgiving Day has so long been associated with the Pilgrim Fathers that few realize that it was not annually observed by the entire nation until the year 1863, and that its annual observance was brought about by years of persistent agitation on the part of a woman.

In 1827, Sarah Josepha Buell Hale wrote: "We have too few holidays. Thanks-

giving like the Fourth of July should be considered a national festival and observed by all our people . . . as an exponent of our Republican institutions."

There had been several national Thanksgiving Days. One on November 26, 1789, proclaimed by President Washington upon motion of both Houses of Congress, to commemorate the establishment of the new

form of government. In 1795 another was proclaimed for the suppression of the Whiskey Insurrection, which was a test of the strength of the new government. Then in 1815 President Madison proclaimed a national Thanksgiving for the Treaty of Peace following the Second War for Independence. Between these dates, and thereafter, there was no uniformity or regularity for the observance of Thanksgiving. Some States held a Thanksgiving festival annually, some only once in a while, others not at all.

It was in 1846, as editor of Godey's Lady's Book, in Philadelphia, that Mrs. Hale began her intensive campaign for a nationwide observance of Thanksgiving Day. Her early writings had been replete with Thanksgiving, but then she was an unknown personality. Her first public recognition came with the publication of "Northwood, or Life North and South," a two-volume novel, which appeared December, 1827. This novel attracted the attention of the Rev. John Lauris Blake, of Boston, who was about to start a woman's periodical, to be known as The Ladies' Magazine, and he asked Mrs. Hale to become its editor. Well-meaning friends looked askance at the proposition. A woman editor was unheard of! But Mrs. Hale was eager to accept the offer for two very good reasons: It would afford the necessary support for herself and her five children, for which she had been struggling six years. (When her husband died in September, 1822, her oldest child was seven years, and the youngest was born two weeks after his father's death!) And it would give her the opportunity to present ideas which, in her own words, she considered "of vital importance in the culture of her own sex and the good of humanity, before a large class of readers."

So she moved away from the village of Newport, New Hampshire, where she had spent almost forty years of her life, to Boston, and assumed her editorial duties, January, 1828. Ten years later Mr. Louis A. Godey, of Philadelphia, conceived the idea of buying out the Ladies' Magazine and offering Mrs. Hale the editorship of this combined with his own. Therefore, in

"Festivals, when duly observed, attach men to the civil and religious institutions of their country; it is an evil, therefore, when they fall into disuse. Who is there who does not recollect their effect upon himself in early life?"
—SOUTHEY.

The American people have two peculiar festivals, each connected with their history, and therefore of great importance in giving power and distinctness to their nationality.

THE FOURTH OF JULY is the exponent of independence and civil freedom. THANKSGIVING DAY is the national pledge of Christian faith in God, acknowledging him as the dispenser of blessings. These two festivals should be joyfully and universally observed throughout our whole country, and thus incorporated in our habits of thought as inseparable from American life.

Our Independence Day is thus celebrated. Wherever an American is found, the Fourth of July is a festival; and those nations who sit in chains and darkness feel that there is hope even for them, when the American flag is raised in the triumph of freedom. Would not the light of liberty be dimmed were this observance to cease?

Thanksgiving Day is a festival of ancient date in New England, being established there soon after the settlement of Boston. The observance has been gradually extending; and, for a few years past, efforts have been made to have a fixed day, which shall be universally observed throughout our whole country. The "Lady's Book" was the pioneer in this endeavor to give unity to the idea of Thanksgiving Day, and thus make it a national observance.

The last Thursday in November was selected as the day, on the whole, most appropriate. Last year, twenty-nine States, and all the Territories, united in the festival. This year, we trust that Virginia and Vermont will come into this arrangement, and that the Governor of each and all the States and Territories will appoint *Thursday, the 25th of November, as the Day of Thanksgiving.*

The year 1852 would thus be an era from which to date the establishment of this national festival; and henceforth, wherever an American is found, the last Thursday in November would be the Thanksgiving Day. Families may be separated so widely that personal reunion would be impossible; still this festival, like the Fourth of July, will bring every American heart into harmony with his home and his country. The influence of such an American festival on foreigners would also be salutary, by showing them that our people acknowledge the Lord as our God. In our own wide land, from the St. John's to the Rio Grande, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, every heart would, on one day in each year, beat in unison of enjoyment and thankfulness.

Therefore, we hope to witness this year the first of these national festivals.

THE EDITORIAL WRITTEN BY MRS. HALE IN DEFENSE OF THANKSGIVING IN 1852

1846, as a seasoned editor of eighteen years' experience, and as director of the most influential woman's periodical of her day, the famous Lady's Book, she started her crusade to make Thanksgiving a national occasion.

Each year she wrote an editorial urging the states to set apart the last Thursday of November as Thanksgiving Day. Each year she wrote letters to the Governors of all the states and territories, pleading with them to proclaim a Thanksgiving Day which would be observed by all the states at the same time, designating the last Thursday in November in the tradition of that

THANKSGIVING DAY—THE LAST THURSDAY
IN NOVEMBER

Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is gracious, and His mercy endureth forever. PSALMS.

The annual Festival of Thanksgiving is near at hand. Will it not be remembered and observed? The mercy of the Lord is not slack; He has given us rich harvests and filled the garner of our land. Health has been in all our borders—would that we could add peace has reigned and good-will been extended! But we must all acknowledge that the goodness of God has not failed.

Last year the National Feast Day was celebrated in twenty-four States and three Territories; all these, excepting the States of Massachusetts and Maine, held the Festival on the same day—the last Thursday in November. We suggested last year that, as all nations are members of one brotherhood, under the fostering care of one Beneficent Father of Humanity, it would be of much effect in promoting the kindly feelings which should be cultivated among Christian people if the universal observance of one General Festival of Thanksgiving for the bounties of Divine Providence could be established on the same day of the year throughout all Christendom.

All sects and creeds who take the Bible as their rule of faith and morals could unite in such a Festival. The Jews, who find the direct command for a Feast at the ingathering of harvest, would gladly join in this Thanksgiving, and in every country in Europe it would become, as we trust it will soon be in our beloved country, an universal Holiday on the LAST THURSDAY OF NOVEMBER.

This year the DAY falls on the 27th of this month; we earnestly hope every State in our Union will unite on that day in a fervent Thanksgiving to God for his blessing and bounties.

MRS. HALE'S EDITORIAL WHICH APPEARED IN THE
NOVEMBER, 1862, "CODEY'S LADY'S BOOK"

first one proclaimed by President Washington. Then in the June or July issue of the Lady's Book she would print the list of those states and territories that had agreed to keep the autumn Thanksgiving festival.

In the 1850's, when the war clouds were gathering, Mrs. Hale redoubled her efforts. She sent letters to Congress and various eminent men, stressing the need for a national Thanksgiving Day, for she believed that a religious holiday observed by the entire nation at one time would cause the people to think more of national unity and a little less of state's rights. She believed it could avert war. In 1851 she wrote: "It matters much, religiously and nationally, that all observe the same day . . . from the Saint Johns to the Rio Grande, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. . . ."

By 1852 she had won the consent of all but two States—Virginia and Vermont. The editor's heart thrilled at the thought of "twenty-three millions of people sitting down, as it were, together to a feast of joy and thankfulness. . . ."

When national affairs began to look increasingly serious she continued to hammer

at the nation's heart: "The unifying influence of such a festival can hardly be over-rated. The pulpits during that day, once in every year, will be occupied with the stirring incidents of national history, and with a retrospect of the moral and religious progress of the nation. The press will recall the early history of our country, the great deeds of generations long gone by, the endurance and the bloodshed through which the foundations of our civilization were laid. The people of our country will learn to value the bond of national union when they know with what mighty labors and sacrifices it was wrought."

But alas!—1860 ushered in the war-red years, and many of the States abandoned the idea of Thanksgiving. Even in 1861 she begged that "we lay aside our enmities and strifes . . . on this one day." Yet she failed.

On July 3, 1863, when the news was flashed that the great battle of Gettysburg was at last ended, Mrs. Hale recognized this as her supreme moment. She quickly dispatched a letter to President Lincoln, enclosing a copy of Washington's Proclamation of 1789,* and importuned him to proclaim a day of national thanksgiving. Those words in the last paragraph of the Proclamation of 1789, ". . . beseech Him to pardon our national and other transgressions, . . ." seemed especially fitting at this time. Lincoln complied with the request and he issued the proclamation setting aside a day for "national thanksgiving, praise, and prayer." The following year he again proclaimed a Thanksgiving Day, naming the last Thursday in November, which was the date favored by Mrs. Hale. Since 1864, although there has been no Congressional action endorsing it, every President has designated the last Thursday in November as a national Thanksgiving Day. This achievement won for Mrs. Hale the title, "Mother of Thanksgiving."

Sarah Josepha Hale was truly a remarkable woman. Putting an annual national

* A facsimile of this Proclamation appeared in the November, 1937, issue of this magazine through the permission of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.



FROM THE "LADIES' MAGAZINE" OF 1830. THE FIRST FASHION PLATE TO
BE PUBLISHED BY MRS. HALE

holiday on our calendar was only one of about twenty of our American traditions and customs which she advocated and saw accomplished. She introduced the term Domestic Science into the language, adopted the French word "lingerie" and put it into common usage, and took "female" out. In the 1830's and '40's the word "female" was used almost exclusively, and Mrs. Hale

herself used it, at least until 1850, but as the years passed it became more and more offensive to her, and she carried on an unrelenting campaign to substitute "woman" in its stead. "Not Vassar Female College," she protested in an editorial in 1866, "but Vassar College for Young Women." Today there is a blank stone over the door of the main hall of Vassar College which might



A FASHION PLATE FROM THE FEBRUARY, 1864, LADY'S BOOK

fittingly be called the tombstone to the memory of "female."

She organized the Seaman's Aid Society in Boston early in 1833 to help solve the problem of poverty in seamen's families. Out of this undertaking grew the first industrial trade school for girls to learn sewing, the first day nursery, the first Seaman's Hotel, and the first library for seamen.

Mrs. Hale was a lifelong proponent of the education of women. She was unusually well educated herself, although she held neither a diploma nor a degree. She received her early education from her mother, who, she said, possessed a mind "clear as rock water." Then when her brother Horatio (named for General Horatio Gates, under whom her father, Captain Gordon Buell, had served in the Revolutionary War) went to Dartmouth, he became her tutor. He regretted, as did she, that college doors were closed to women, and during

the months of vacation they kept regular hours of teaching and study, so that by the time Horatio Buell graduated, Sarah had the equivalent of a college education. Then in 1813, she married David Hale, a talented New England lawyer. Shortly after their marriage they began systematic reading and study together, reserving the hours from eight to ten every evening for that purpose. In this manner they studied French, botany, some mineralogy, geology, and literature. They adhered to this program of study for nine years, when their happy union was suddenly dissolved. Mr. Hale contracted pneumonia and died within a few days, leaving her with five children, when no opportunities for employment were open to women except sewing. She attempted, unsuccessfully, for six years to earn her living with the needle. She determined then that if the opportunity presented itself she would wield her pen to bring about the general education

of women and their employment in the professions, and for fifty years, across an editorial desk, she moulded the thought of the nation.

She believed not only in emancipating woman educationally and socially, but also in emancipating her from household drudgery. When the sewing machine was invented it seems to have been originally intended for men in workshops and factories only. Why not adapt the sewing machine for use in the home, she queried, to relieve those fatiguing, endless hours of sewing by hand? And in 1853 she announced that if any inventor would contrive a suitable apparatus for doing the family washing, the Lady's Book would undertake to publish an account of it. "For ourselves," she wrote, "our spirits fall with the first rising of steam in the kitchen, and only return to natural temperature when the clothes are folded in the ironing basket."

In all she was author or editor of thirty-six volumes, ranging from "Traits of American Life," a dictionary of poetical quotations, to books of poems for children, and cookery books! Her most important undertaking was a volume of 994 pages, entitled, "Woman's Record," published in 1853, containing more than 1,500 biographical sketches of distinguished women. Her object in writing it was the exaltation of woman, for she endeavored to illustrate by means of these sketches woman's influence on society and literature. It went into several editions and was long considered a standard work.

Sarah Josepha Hale was not a Real Daughter of the American Revolution in the sense that she was a member of the N. S. D. A. R. for she died eleven years before the Society was organized. But certain it is that she would have welcomed enthusiastically such an organization and been one of its charter members. It was Mrs. Hale who made the completion of the Bunker Hill monument possible, that first monument to a national past, that had stood for years as a "giant's tooth spewed up by the sea." It was she, who, through the pages of the Lady's Book, in issue after issue, pled for contributions for the pur-

chase of Mount Vernon. Five years after Godey's Lady's Book and the Southern Literary Messenger had been selected as the two official organs to represent the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, a great announcement was made possible: "Mount Vernon now belongs to the American nation."

She was one year old when that first national Thanksgiving of 1789 was celebrated. She was seventy-five years old when her dreams for an annual nationwide Thanksgiving Day was realized. Fortunately she lived to enjoy fifteen more of these festive occasions, dying at the age of ninety, April 30, 1879.

"It reunites families and friends," she had written in the years when she was pleading for a national Thanksgiving Day. And what separations she knew! Bereft of her husband, the necessity for employment took her away from the scenes of her childhood and the friends of her youth for the remainder of her long life. Then, when her eldest son, David, a graduate of West Point, died at the age of twenty-five, she stood stricken and desolate indeed. Her second son, Horatio, while still an undergraduate of Harvard, was invited to become a member of an exploring expedition in the Antarctic, and he was gone four anxious years. Later on, her youngest son, William, practiced law in Texas in those perilous days when the old Spanish claims were flooding the courts of the State, and several times he narrowly escaped being murdered by bandits. And her daughter, Josepha, for a number of years, taught in a private school in Georgia, before opening her own boarding and day school in Philadelphia. She did not live to see her mother's dream for a national Thanksgiving Day fulfilled, for she died suddenly, at her desk, two months before President Lincoln issued the proclamation.

As we sit down to our Thanksgiving dinner this year, if we are reflective, we will hold Sarah Josepha Hale in grateful remembrance for this annual festival that "reunites families and friends," for there is no tradition in the United States more cherished than that of the last Thursday in November.



Ida, the Deer

A True Story of Pioneer Days in Wisconsin

HELEN C. K. STUART

ONCE upon a time, when there were more Indians than white men in the West, John Allen left Albany, New York, with his family to make his home in the state of Wisconsin. There were no railroads in those days and the journey, now so short, at that time took many weeks. The start was made in a canal boat, and in it the Allens went by the Erie Canal to Buffalo. Here they took a small lake steamer for Green Bay at the mouth of the Fox River, by way of Detroit and Mackinac Island. Reach-

ing Green Bay they continued their journey up the Fox River to their destination—the present town of Neenah. This part of their journey was made in an old fashioned Durham boat, poled by Indians and helped by a sail when the wind was favorable. At Green Bay, while the Durham was being loaded, Mr. Allen took the younger children, Alfred and Emma, along the shore to Astorville, a post of the Hudson Bay Company, where the Indians brought their furs to trade for beads and bright colored cloths.

The children spied a beautiful birch-bark canoe drawn up on shore, and ran to inspect it; but just as they reached it, a big Indian arose from the other side, and the children could not get back to their father fast enough. Mr. Allen laughed heartily at their fright and made them go with him back to the canoe and the Indian. As they came near, they saw the Indian had a beautiful spotted fawn wrapped in his blanket, and the children forgot their fright and ran to him full of curiosity about the deer.

"Oh, Father," said Alfred, "see that little deer. Please get it for me. I will love it and take all the care of it, and sister Emma and I can have such good times with it. We will keep it until it grows to be a big deer. Do please buy it, father."

Mr. Allen turned to the Indian and pointing to the fawn's big eyes, peering from the folds of the blanket asked, "How much?"

"Hu, Hu," grunted the Indian, "He fifty cent."

In shorter time than it takes to tell, Alfred was holding the wee baby deer, trudging away to the boat to show his prize.

Alfred and Emma watched over "Ida", as they named their fawn, until they reached their own village late that night. Rain had begun to fall before the boat landed and the night was very cold. Alfred in carrying the fawn ashore, was having a hard time of it, when his uncle who had come to meet them, called to him:

"Let that fawn go, Alfred. The woods are full of them and you never can manage with the mud over your shootops and these corduroy roads."

But Alfred would not listen. He trudged away by the flickering light of his father's lantern. He tumbled down and skinned his leg, but he was up again trotting along, and the big tears that rolled down his cheeks fell on Ida's warm coat as he hugged her tight in his little arms.

Finally the Allens reached the log cabin where they were to spend the night. Alfred was tired and hungry, but would not taste his supper until Ida had eaten her bowl of warm milk and bread, and had been made comfortable on a bed of fresh straw.

Next day, the Allens moved into their big house with its large yard surrounded by a high picket fence. Here with the gates safely latched, Ida was allowed her liberty and she, Alfred and Emma grew up together.

Ida was treated more like a pet dog than a deer; she had her rug at the fireside, and was allowed the freedom of the house until she had grown so tall that she could stretch her long neck across the table and help herself to the food. She and the children played hide-and-seek and other games; but the one they enjoyed the most until she grew too large, was putting paper shoes on Ida's feet and letting her run around on the polished top of the dining room table.

Often, Indians and hunters passing the Allen house would send their dogs over the fence after Ida. Around the house the dogs would chase her, round and round, until some one hearing the barking and knowing what it meant, opened the door. Into the house Ida would bound, her big frightened eyes expressing her gratitude, as the defeated dogs and Indians went on up the road into the big forest that surrounded the Allen home.

One day, however, the entire Allen family went away to spend the day. Alfred left Ida's pen open so that she could have the freedom of the yard, but he saw that all the gates were safely fastened. Lovingly, he patted her nose, as she poked it between the palings of the fence, and he admired the red collar with its silver bell, which he had just fastened around her neck.

"Good bye, my Beauty," called Alfred. "Your collar is very becoming, and no other deer in Wisconsin has so perfect a star in its forehead."

The Allens had not been away very long before the men from the woods came with a load of logs for the fireplaces. They opened the big gate at the end of the garden and drove in to unload. Ida was asleep in her house; so seeing no one about, the men took no pains to close the big gate after them. A little later, some Indians were passing and saw Ida browsing in the yard; they urged their dogs to jump the fence and chase the deer. Poor Ida, after



THE HOUSE AT NEENAH WHICH WAS BUILT IN 1848 BY ALFRED'S FATHER. THIS WAS THE FIRST FRAME HOUSE TO BE ERECTED IN WINNEBAGO COUNTY AND THE FRONT STANDS TO THIS DAY UNALTERED

bounding round and round the house with these savage dogs at her heels, looked in vain for some one to open the sheltering door as usual, and seeing the open gate, in an instant she was out of the yard and away into the dense forest. Her pretty collar caught in the gate as she bounded through, was torn off and left hanging on the post. The dogs gave chase, but at the edge of the forest they stopped and returned at their masters' whistle,—but Ida was gone.

At sunset the Allen family returned. Alfred and Emma ran through the yard calling, "Ida, Ida." But no Ida came. No Ida was asleep in her nice warm bed of straw. Poor Alfred! He hunted every-

where, indoors and out, and finally came across the little red collar with its silver bell hanging to the post of the big gate. With tears in his eyes, he came back to his mother, bringing the torn collar to tell its own story.

"It was those cruel Indians and their savage dogs, I am sure," said Mrs. Allen, "and as it grows dusk, Ida will come home, tired and hungry."

The children fixed Ida's supper of milk and bread as usual, made her bed very soft and then waited and watched until bed time. But night came and their pet was alone in the big forest. Alfred cried himself to sleep, fearing some timber wolf or

hunter might have found the deer. Day after day went by, and although the children watched late and early, and spent hours on the posts of the big gate, it was all in vain.

The days grew shorter and it was nearing Thanksgiving. It was the hunting season, and sometimes the hunters would stop at the Allen house to sell a leg of venison, but Alfred with tears in his eyes, would beg his mother not to buy, for fear they might be eating Ida.

One day as Alfred was sitting in his now familiar place on the post of the big gate, looking wistfully up the road, he saw coming out of the woods toward him the old white horse of Hedge, a homesteader, whose farm was about eight miles up the road. Now Hedge was very lame and he and his wife and little son, Johnnie, had pretty hard times to make a living. Often Alfred had seen his quiet Quaker mother give Hedge a basket filled with food, and had heard her tell him to be sure to call on them if he were in need; for in those days, neighbors were scarce and one often helped another over a hard place.

The Allens had not seen Hedge for many a week and Alfred was pleased to have him stop, and in a very social way, ask if his mother was at home. Just then Mrs. Allen appeared and she seemed shocked to find Hedge looking so ill.

"Yes, Marm," said Hedge, "we have had a pretty close call. Johnnie has been sick for weeks with a fever, and my leg has been so bad I couldn't move. I couldn't take care of Johnnie nor myself, so my wife had it all to do. The fever was so bad that she couldn't leave, so we just got along as best we could and stayed there until we had eaten everything there was to eat on the place. The rations had been pretty low for some days, and I was nearly starved, and so weak that I could hardly walk, even when my leg was better, when Johnnie's fever took a turn and we knew we must save him then or never. I knew that if I could get a little food, I could get to town and get some help, so I made the effort of my life. We had seen a deer hanging around the place for a few days and I

thought if I could get that deer, we would be all right. My wife took my rifle from the wall, loaded it, and then she knelt and prayed the Lord to save us, to send us something to eat, something to help us save our little boy. Then I opened the door and sat there, my gun across my knees, waiting for the answer to my prayer that I knew would come. I knew the Lord would not fail me. And surely the answer came. For there coming out of the woods, walking straight towards me, her head high, with a beautiful star in her forehead, came a doe. She was not afraid of me or anything; if she had been, I would not be here to tell the tale, for I was too weak to take careful aim. I waited until she was a sure shot and then fired. We had meat and broth, and some hunters who were lost, hearing the shots, followed the sound, came and helped us with medicines from their packs, and today I am able to ride to town to sell part of the deer. Tomorrow is Thanksgiving, you know, and I tell you, Mrs. Allen, it will be a real day of thanksgiving at our house, and no mistake."

Poor little Alfred hid his tears in the folds of his mother's dress, for surely no other deer could have so white a star in its forehead, and no wild deer would walk straight into the very door of a house, only his own Ida.

Mrs. Allen understood the little sobbings she heard and said, "The Lord was good to you, Hedge, for that little deer surely saved your life and Johnnie's. You should have a glorious Thanksgiving, and while I do not care for any venison today, you stop on your way home and Alfred will be watching for you with a basket of good things for Johnnie. I am sorry you were in such distress and we so near and couldn't help; but the Lord knew and took care of you in His own marvelous way. Be sure to stop on your way home, Hedge, and we will be watching for you."

Poor little Alfred mourned for Ida, and that night as he carefully put away her little red collar that she would never need again, he tried to feel happy that his pet had saved Johnnie's life and given the Hedges a real Thanksgiving.



Courtesy, The Museum, Memorial Continental Hall

WEDDING SAMPLER MADE IN 1798 BY ELIZA WOODROW AS A GIFT TO HER SISTER, MARY WOODROW SHINN. PRESENTED BY A GREAT NEICE, MRS. MARY S. PERRY, THROUGH THE CHICAGO CHAPTER

The Spirit of the Hand-made

VI. Samplers and Their Stitchery

H. M. HOBSON

THE lovely samplers that were made by our fore-mothers, were, and are, far more than dainty bits of fancy work. The faded strips of fine cloth and finer stitchery that were used centuries ago for

pattern books, are of priceless value today, because they hold records of historic events, as well as truly etched pictures of the manners and customs of times long gone by.

The sampler period lasted from the dawn



Courtesy A. F. Burbank, Plymouth, Mass.

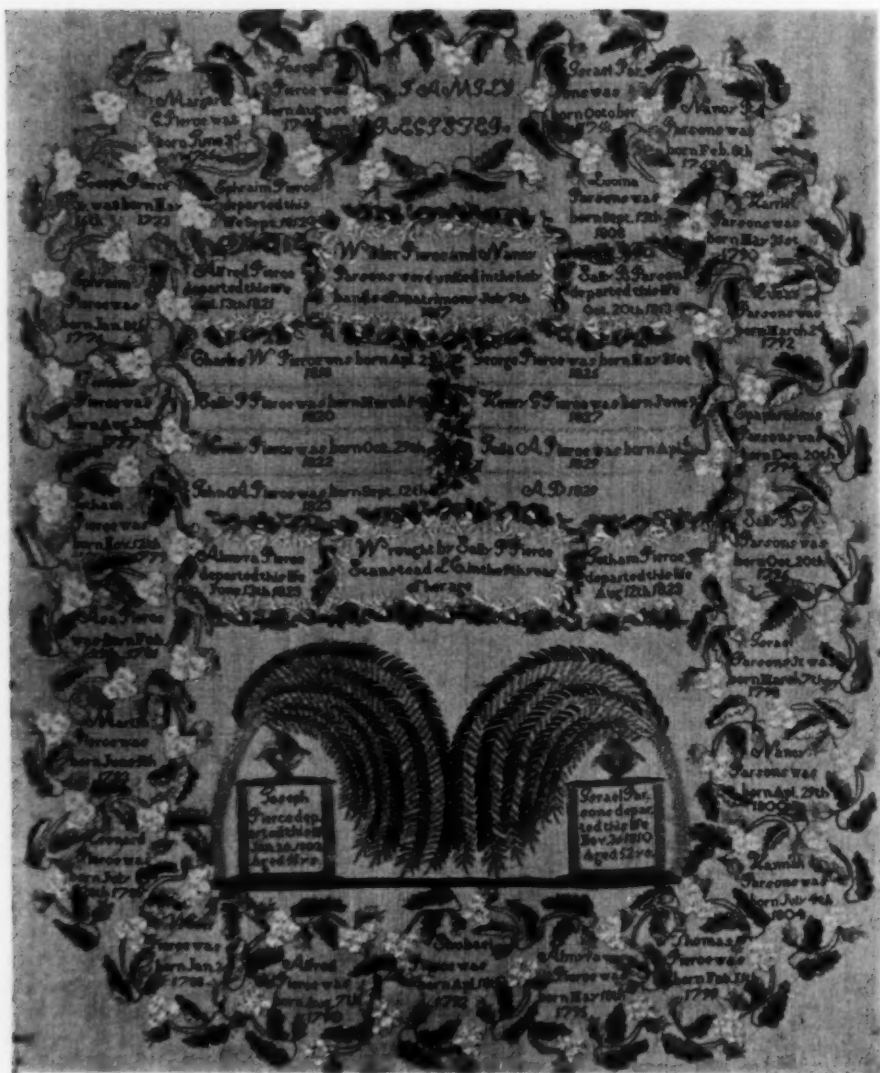
THE SAMPLER MADE BY LOARA, THE DAUGHTER OF
MILES STANDISH

of the seventeenth century until near the middle of the nineteenth century, and during those years some of the world's most important history was stitched upon delicate pieces of fine samp cloth. Each young English maiden made her own sampler. It was to go into her dower-chest, that she might carry to her future home the "various patterns for fine stitchery on tablecloths, and sheets for parlours and halls; for kerchiefs and for neate pillow beares." These stitches were taught the girls by their older friends, who, in their turn, had received them from others who were skilled with needle and thread. There were no fashion or pattern books in those days, and a well-filled sampler was priceless to the woman who made it.

The first authentic reference to these unique bits of needle craft is in the "inventorie" of the household goods of Elizabeth of York, where mention is made of "An elne of lynnyn cloth for a fine Samplier for the Queene." An old record dated a century later states that the "King possesses twelve samplers, one of Normandie canvas wrought with grene and black silk, likewise a book of parchment containing divers and singular patterns to sow on, and laces to embraid and stitchery for the fine semes."

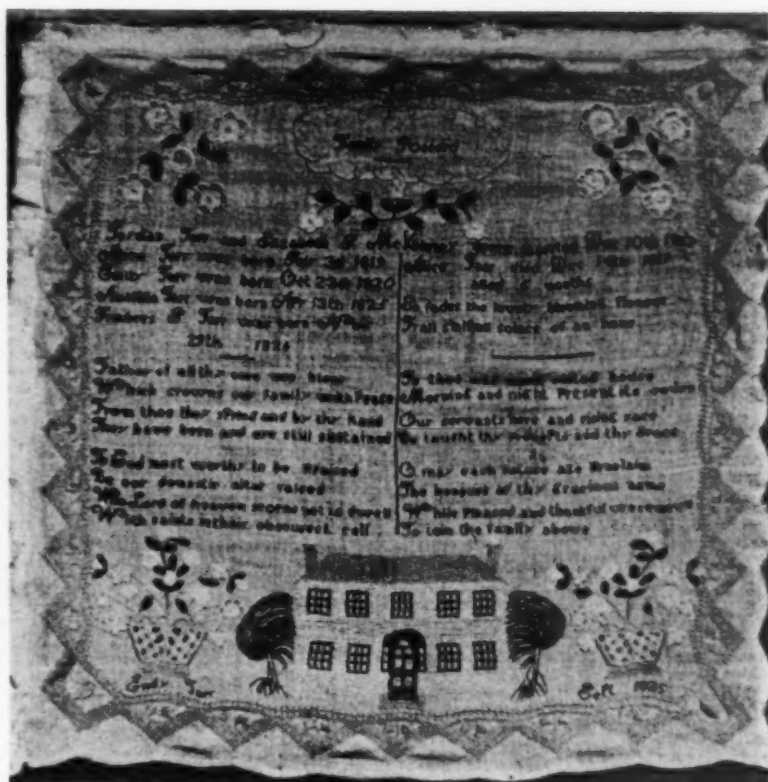
The English samp cloth was made in strips three or four feet long and from eight to ten inches wide. The looms were very narrow and when two of the strips were joined, the "semes" were covered with elaborate stitches that changed what might have been a blemish into a decoration. The samp cloth was either cream or white linen, and the work was done with the finest silk thread. Each sampler held patterns of lace and cut work, with various fancy stitches, and some of the finished pieces were as beautiful as if they had been painted by an artist of taste and skill.

The greatest production of samplers was between 1725 and 1832. During those years the tiny pattern cloths grew in size and beauty and importance. They were no longer mere strips of samp cloth, covered with fancy stitches; they became miniature tapestries that held commentaries on the times; they were historical, architectural and commemorative. The elaborate



Courtesy of Henry Wilder Keyes, John Parkinson Keyes, and Francis Keyes, great-grandsons of Nancy Parsons and Wilder Pierce and present owners of the sampler

THIS UNUSUAL SAMPLER, "WROUGHT BY SALLY P. PIERCE IN THE NINTH YEAR OF HER AGE" SHOWS AT THE LEFT CERTAIN VITAL STATISTICS OF THE PIERCE FAMILY AND AT THE RIGHT SIMILAR STATISTICS OF THE PARSONS FAMILY. IN THE CENTER WE FIND NANCY PARSONS AND WILDER PIERCE "UNITED IN THE HOLY BONDS OF MATRIMONY" AND BENEATH ARE RECORDED THE BIRTHS OF THEIR FIRST SEVEN CHILDREN, OF WHOM SALLY WAS THE SECOND. (FOUR OTHERS WERE BORN AFTER THE COMPLETION OF THIS SAMPLER.) DEPARTED MEMBERS OF THE PARSONS AND WILDER FAMILIES ARE DULY MEMORIALIZED BY WEEPING WILLOWS



Courtesy, The Museum, Memorial Continental Hall

EMBROIDERED SAMPLER MADE BY EMILY TARR. GIVEN BY MISS DAISY ERB IN MEMORY OF HER MOTHER, A REAL GRANDDAUGHTER, MRS. NORRIS ERB OF THE SEMINOLE CHAPTER

genealogical samplers made early in the nineteenth century are as authentic as the records of the family Bible.

When our ancestors came to America, they very thriftily brought their samplers with them. Those that were first made in the New World were plain, both in material and design. The little Pioneer and Pilgrim maidens had far more need for food and clothing than they had for fancy stitchery and lace patterns; the early American samplers were made on homespun cloth and were worked with home-dyed wools. They bear neat little rows of "hemming stitches"; prim alphabets, pine trees and gravestones! Death by fire and tomahawk lurked in forests and settlements,

and the small pioneer maidens seem to have brooded mournfully upon their own early demise. Behind those carefully placed stitches can be felt the ache of starved childhood and the clutch of a fear that never loosened its blighting grip.

In later years the American Samplers changed; they became more cheerful and very lovely in color and design. Grave-stones and funeral urns gave place to trees, lambs, birds, flowers and fruit, homes and churches. When the country became more thickly settled, the samplers showed maps of colonies and states, carefully drawn and beautifully worked with the "out-line" stitch. In those times the various stitches on the samplers had names and these they



Courtesy, The Museum, Memorial Continental Hall

"THE LAST SUPPER"—LEONARDO DE VINCI. WORKED IN CROSS STITCH BY RHODA MASON IN 1770. PRESENTED BY MRS. SARAH B. LOUNSBERRY, NORTH DAKOTA

bear until the present time. There was the cat, briar, feather and satin stitch, with many others. The great variety of stitches so impressed the mind of John Taylor in 1640 that he felt a mighty urge to write about them. He tells the world that—

"THERE ARE STITCHES—

For Tent worke, for
 Raised worke, and laide worke,
 Frost worke and Net worke,
 Most Curious Purles, or—
 Rare Italian cut worke.
 Fine Ferne Stitch, Finny
 Stitch, New Scotch and
 Chain Stitch;
 Brave Bred Stitch,
 Fisher Stitch, Irish Stitch—
 Feather Stitch,
 And Queene Stitch.
 The Spanish Stitch,
 Rose-Mary Stitch,
 Mouse Stitch,
 The Smarting whip Stitch,

Back Stitch and the Cross Stitch,
 That all these are Good,
 We must allow—
 For they are EVERY WHERE,
 In practice now!"

One of the most highly prized Samplers in the United States is the one made by Ann Gower, wife of Gov. Endicott. It is in the Essex Institute, at Salem, Mass. Experts say it was made in England about 1610 and brought by Ann Gower to this country in 1628. The original All-American Sampler in the United States is the one made by Loara Standish, daughter of Miles Standish. This lovely bit of needlework is in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth, Mass. Loara Standish lived her brief life between 1623 and 1656. She was the first American girl to place an aphorism upon her sampler, and to stitch her own name upon her samp cloth. With infinite care and patience Loara stitched the words—



A TYPICAL GENEALOGICAL SAMPLER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

"Lord, Guide my heart that I may do Thy will,
 And fill my heart with such Convenient skill,
 As will Conduce to Virtue void of Shame,
 And I will give the glory to Thy Name."

Then with much dainty skill, she adds:

"Loara Standish is my name."

With the advent of fashion books and paper patterns the dainty stitches on sampler cloths were no longer needed, for "when

meaning is gone, art and beauty vanish, too." Samplers are no longer made. Those that have come down from other days are now cherished by collectors and museums, because they hold records of beliefs, and manners and customs of times that have gone. These records are authentic, and as a result of their truth, the fragile old Samplers are more to be treasured than much fine gold.



"Stumpy" John Silver

U. S. HOMING PIGEON

MARIE LOMAS

Courtesy the War Department

FEW tales of the valor and sacrifice of American war heroes have captured the hearts and imaginations of patriots as completely as the story of John Silver, the homing pigeon hero of Grand Pre. Through his distinguished service he has been accorded an enviable place in history.

During the World War pigeons were trained to bring back messages from the more advanced positions, and it was in this service that John Silver performed the outstanding feat which won for him the uncontested honor of being the ranking hero among historic winged messengers.

Wounded in line of duty, the namesake of the picturesque one-legged character of

Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island" has been added to the organization day roll call of the Eleventh Signal Corps and a memorial, issued officially by the War Department, has been included in the Congressional Record.

* * *

It was in 1918, during the Meuse-Argonne drive, that the advancing American forces were caught in a terrific barrage from the German lines. Airplanes dropped shells from above and anti-aircraft guns from below sent planes down in flames. Heavy artillery boomed and filled the air with shells and bursting shrapnel. In the

midst of this bombardment an order was issued by the commanding officer and John Silver was liberated to carry the message back to headquarters.

Released in the face of machine-gun fire, he ascended rapidly. It was his duty to fly back to the loft at Rampont, a distance of 40 kilometers, the message tied to his leg.

Apparently sighting some familiar landmark, John Silver started swiftly toward it but the leg to which the message had been fastened was caught by a bullet. He fluttered for a moment but plunged on through the shrapnel-filled air and reached his goal twenty-five minutes from the time he had been released.

Upon examination it was found that his leg had been amputated and that his breast had been pierced by a machine-gun bullet, but the message tube, still intact, was hanging by the ligaments of the torn leg.

Under expert care John Silver eventually recovered, and following the Armistice he was taken to Scofield Barracks in Hawaii. Here the lieutenant in charge of the homing pigeons saw to it that John Silver was among the spectators to review all parades and maneuvers.

During one parade, one hundred pigeons were turned loose from a truck as they passed the reviewing stand. They fluttered here and there and finally arose in a spiral

and headed for their homing headquarters. John Silver looked on from his specially prepared cage and flapped his wings, as interested as any officer reviewing the regiment.

This messenger hero of the Meuse-Argonne died on December 6, 1935, at the age of 17 years and 11 months. His remains have been placed with the army relics in Dayton, Ohio.

Because of the courage and devotion to duty displayed by John Silver and his will to accomplish his mission although wounded, an order was issued after his death by the commanding officer of the Eleventh Signal Company which declared in part: "Hereafter, on each organization day of the Eleventh Signal Company this order will be read and the name John Silver will be added to the roll call. When his name is called the senior non-commissioned officer present will respond, 'Died of wounds received in battle in the service of his country.'"

It was during the second session of the Seventy-fourth Congress that Representative Snyder of Pennsylvania called attention to the winged member of the signal corps and received unanimous consent from the House to insert the memorial, issued officially by the War Department, in the Congressional Record.

MEMORIES

ESTHER BERGMAN NAREY

*Dear Lord, while for today
We give Thee grateful praise
We thank Thee, too,
For other happy days,
For voices stilled and faces gone,
But in our hearts kept bright,
We thank Thee, Lord,
For memories dear
Tonight.*



Courtesy Harris & Ewing

AMERICA'S HERO COMES HOME. THE CAISSON BEARING THE BODY OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER TO ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY. GENERAL PERSHING MAY BE SEEN MARCHING IN THE REAR

Armistice Day

Observance of the Eleventh of November as a National Holiday
Fulfills a Long-Felt Desire

MARY JANE BRUMLEY

NOVEMBER the eleventh, nineteen thirty-eight, will mark the addition of still another national holiday to the American calendar, for on May fourteenth of this year, the President signed the bill which sets aside Armistice Day for commemoration of our heroic dead and "dedication to the cause of world peace."

Although the final stamp of approval comes twenty years after the close of the World War, Armistice Day has filled a cherished niche in the minds of the American people since 1918. Indeed, so overwhelming was the sentiment for observance of the eleventh day of the eleventh month that it was already a holiday in forty-four of our states, and in three others could be thus designated by governor's proclamation.

And, needless to say, the document signed by the President on that day of late spring is not the first such measure to be introduced in the halls of Congress. Almost from the close of the Great War bills have been advanced to set aside November eleventh as a day of remembrance, but for various reasons none of these were successful.

Many consider our new national day especially fitting, coming just two decades after that first mad glad hour. Particularly is this true in the present critical state of world affairs. Any number of international observers can see a direct parallel to 1914 in this year of grace 1938. All the more reason then, say many, that we should have a special time to take stock of our role of twenty years ago.

Sufficient time has elapsed to put the agonies of 1914-18 in true perspective. We know now that we fought for a dream. "And"—to quote from the *New York Times* editorial of last year—"that dream is not dead. It will not die. . . . We celebrate that dream. We honor the men who died for it. We take off our hats, not to the battles we won, but to that breathless moment when the firing stopped and mud-stained fighters, half-incredulous, shaken with wonderment, climbed out of the trenches, looking toward No Man's Land, where the dead still lay, at their enemies of but a moment ago."

Small wonder that the Allied troops could scarcely believe their ears when the firing ceased. They had no way of knowing what the Germans' own state papers now tell us, that as early as August 14, 1918, the Supreme Military Command abandoned all hope of obtaining peace through victory and recommended that the "All Highest" look about for some neutral nation to mediate with the enemy.

But events moved too quickly for the Kaiser and his advisers. Austria made her own appeal for peace early in September, 1918; Bulgaria collapsed and the German people took matters into their own hands early in November. The Imperial German Government could postpone the evil day no longer and the Armistice Commission left General Headquarters for the French lines at noon on November 7th. Arrived there, they were "piped in" by a bugler. The martial-minded gentlemen could probably have done without his tender attentions, for he bore the white flag of truce as well as the bugle. It was the very end.

There is drama and humor and pathos in the contemporary accounts of that day. "In many places," says one historian, "the artillerists joined hands as the final shot was fired. Then cheers broke out. The American flag was raised by the soldiers over the dugouts and guns and at the various headquarters." For all felt that the Americans had turned the tide. Another observer says that the shells were counted as the time for "cease firing" approached; that the infantry were advancing, glancing at their watches but consolidating their positions; and that the line finally reached by the Americans was staked out that after-

noon. But before this stage of affairs was reached, there was much hand-shaking and cheering and preparing for luncheon, for "the boys were hungry, as they had breakfasted early in anticipation of what they considered the greatest day in American history."

And while the men in the field were celebrating as best they could, pandemonium broke loose in the Allied capitals. Perhaps the joy was all the keener because of the false rumors of an armistice which had swept over the world a few days before. This time there was no bitter disappointment to follow—it was really true!

In Paris, the Municipal Council displayed giant posters bearing the legend: "Citizens, victory is here, triumphant victory!" In London, the crowds surged to Buckingham Palace and upon the appearance of the late King George V and other members of the royal family, twenty thousand voices lifted in the stirring strains of "God Save the King."

The news flashed across the seas and, although it was still pitch dark in this country, Americans piled out into the streets in any and all sorts of costumes. Newspaper accounts tell us that many New Yorkers had been celebrating since the first false reports of an armistice. As one man expressed the common sentiment of that group, "Well, they're bound to sign sooner or later, and I don't intend to have the good news find me asleep."

In Washington the Congress of the United States was meeting in joint session to hear from the President that "the war thus comes to an end." So ended the first Armistice Day.

After the initial outpouring of joy, "everyone seemed to feel that it (Armistice Day) should be observed the next year," stated one writer of the time. And so it was. President Wilson's proclamation for the occasion pointed the way to thoughtful and fitting ceremonies, a formality followed again in 1920. In 1921, the solemn anniversary was made all the more memorable by the interment of the Unknown Soldier in America's own "sacred ground," Arlington National Cemetery.

Everything that a grateful nation, lately released from the thrall of a great war, could devise in the way of honor and glory-

fication was meted out to the Unknown Soldier. The whole ceremony was made to stand out in even more grandeur and solemnity by reason of the fact that President Harding's voice, raised in eulogy, was heard by one hundred and fifty thousand people in Washington, New York, and San Francisco. This incredible feat was performed by means of a transcontinental telephonic hook-up, with loud speakers set in Arlington Cemetery, in Madison Square Garden, and in the Civic Auditorium in San Francisco.

Seventeen years have passed in review since President Harding spoke from the nation's graveside and the reckless souls who prophesied that perhaps some day one man might address an audience of a million have seen their wildest dreams come true.

Radio now carries the Armistice message throughout the length and breadth of the land.

And so, this year, America will pause, briefly, as a nation to honor the boys who helped to save the "dream," resolving afresh that it shall be theirs and ours, always.

"The years of peace have been precarious—but the democratic ideal remains as strong and valiant as it was in 1918—and better informed. Here on this continent it holds its lines, resolved on peace, but resolved, too, not to give way an inch to any force, foreign or domestic, that is hostile to 'government of the people, by the people, and for the people.' That vision has not 'perished from the earth'—and will not."



All Saints and All Souls

TWO of the poems which we are privileged to print in this issue—"Memories" and "November"—both suggest the significance of great religious festivals which are solemnly celebrated in November: All Saints, the "Holy Day" which comes on the first of the month; and All Souls, the "Day of Devotion" which comes on the second. Halloween is, in a certain sense, the outgrowth of the former, and this has come to be popularly regarded as a festival of merrymaking, rather than as a celebration honoring "All These Thy Saints who from their labors rest." Memorial Day, its scope widened to embrace all venerated dead and not only the soldier dead, is in another sense the outgrowth of the latter, and it is now in the spring, rather than in the fall, that Americans, irrespective of creed and region, most generally decorate graves.

It is fitting that this should be so. But

it is also fitting that in the prescient autumn season, during the period preceding both Armistice Day and Thanksgiving Day, that we should also commemorate All Saints and All Souls. We do not need to do so by going to church or visiting a cemetery, by offering special prayers or filling tombs with flowers, if such acts do not represent our own "special way of life and of obedience." We can also do so in our own chambers and our own closets, provided we do it with that sincerity of spirit which comes from deep devotion and true reverence. For it is when our thoughts are unhurried and unharried that the deeds and the ideals of the great and glorious army gone before us are most clearly revealed; and it is when we sit secluded, that the peace of God which passes all understanding descends on sorrowing to cleanse and heal and make them whole again.

Frances Parkman Keyes



JOSEPH JEFFERSON AT WORK ON A PAINTING

Joseph Jefferson, Painter of the Teche

GRACE B. AGATE

DRIVING along the main street in New Iberia, the traveler little suspects that to a modest dwelling on this thoroughfare in the Teche Town he loved, there have come back eight of the handsome paintings of Joseph Jefferson, the great American actor. That he was an artist with the brush

as well as on the stage is scarcely known to the public, yet connoisseurs of art declare Jefferson's paintings to be superb. Some of them represent familiar scenes in the lovely Teche country where pastoral beauty and charm are abundant and in which Jefferson sought solace during the

dark days after the death of his first wife.

Jefferson first appeared on the stage when he was three years old. In his introductory remarks during a performance at the Washington Theater in 1833, Thomas D. Rice, the original Jim Crow, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'd have you to know I've got a little darkey here to jump Jim Crow!" Out of the large carpet bag he was holding, jumped a small negro boy, a saucy and engaging little character, destined to be one of America's greatest actors, Joseph Jefferson.

Born of good and worthy stock, Jefferson represented the fourth generation of actors in his family and the strains of histrionic ability have persisted in his descendants to the present day.

On his return with his father from the Mexican War, he began a theatrical engagement at Chanfran's National Theater, where he met a bright English girl, named Margaret Clements Lockyear, and married her. They were very happy and he rose steadily to outstanding success in his profession. He played in Laura Keane's fine theater in New York City and later he and E. H. Southern made a great hit in Asa Trenchard and Lord Dundreary in *Our American Cousin*.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Mrs. Jefferson passed away and the heartsick actor wandered over the world in search of solace. He came to the Teche country and visited friends he had made during his appearance in New Orleans and other cities in Louisiana. Through his friend, Mr. James A. Lee, a druggist in New Iberia, whose home he frequented, Jefferson bought Orange Island from Mr. James Fitz Miller. At that time the island was covered by a grove of orange trees bearing great quantities of delicious fruit called Louisiana Sweets. Some time later when the orange grove was destroyed by a sudden freeze, the name became Jefferson Island and today it is the location of one of the greatest salt mines in the world.

On a lovely hill, which was in reality the summit of the salt dome, Jefferson built a magnificent home which still stands. George Francis was the architect and the home is a tribute to his skill not only as a builder but also as a successful wrestler with problems of transportation. The

materials were brought up the Teche in boats and from New Iberia, they were transported by ox-cart over twelve miles of almost impassable roads to the island. There were fine and finished woods from distant countries, exquisitely carved mantelpieces of pure white marble and of rosewood from Spanish Castles and French Palaces—gifts from persons of nobility to the stage favorite.

A distinctive feature of the structure is the large cupola which rises from the center of the building. It contains a large room which Jefferson used as his studio and which commanded exquisite views of the country-side.

For many years Jefferson spent the intervals between theatrical seasons in this charming place. To this home he had brought his second wife, Miss Sarah Warren, a distant cousin. For the fine sons of both of Jefferson's marriages, this spot became a veritable Paradise for children. Jefferson was aware of the presence of salt on the island but he would not allow the natural loveliness about him to be disturbed for industrial profits. He was distressed at the apparent neglect by the people in this part of the country of their animals and the out-of-door creatures. So he caused structures of all kinds and sizes to be built and suitably placed for the protection of nature's children. He heartily enjoyed fishing in the beautiful waters surrounding his kingdom, Jefferson Island.

Jefferson was deeply conscious of the beauty all about him and in his studio he preserved upon canvas some of the lovely scenes which spread out below him. The style is broad and admirable in every way. There is about each scene an atmosphere—a feeling of having been out of doors and one must see for himself these treasures in American art to grasp their splendid realism.

One is impressed with the feeling that the artist has enjoyed the confidences of nature, of the atmosphere, of the sky with its drifting clouds; or the shining sun and of living animals that enjoy their kind of life. There is marked individuality about these productions and Louisiana is proud that the author at one time made his home in this state.

George W. Cable, in his letters to his



JEFFERSON'S HOME ON ORANGE ISLAND

daughter Lucy, gives some of his delightful impressions of Jefferson. On October 28, 1883, he wrote from New York, "I was invited, I say, by him to go and hear Joseph Jefferson play *The Cricket on the Hearth*. I did so and if there is anything wrong in that—no, I'll not put it that way. If it isn't pure and sweet and refreshing and proper a diversion as spending the same length of time over a pretty, sweet, and good story book, then I'm a dunce,—

"Well, I've neither time nor paper left to tell you how lovely—how lovely—Jefferson is in the play. I feel this morning as if I had had a bath in pure, cool water. I thank God for the pleasure I have had—now let me see if I cannot make some feeble return for it before the rising sun goes down."

The following occurred in a letter written a week later:

"It was a delightful affair. All nice people. Had some delightful chats with Jefferson, who can talk about a great many things and always with taste and sweet modesty. Yet when he closes his mouth, it comes together with a firmness up and down

and a sweetness across that is pretty to see. His eyes and brows do the same thing at the same time. Wish you could see it. He invariably refuses all kinds of alcoholic drink with gentle firmness—a laugh in his eye and a self-command in his lower jaw. Coffee seems to be the outer limit of indulgence. He delights to talk about painting which he distinctly believes in and works hard on whenever he is not in the theatrical season."

Surrounded by autographed programs and handbills announcing the great stage attractions of a century ago, autographed pictures of supporting theater stars, familiar representations of the dearly loved *Rip Van Winkle*, stage properties and rich costume accessories and in full view of the paintings of the Teche Country, Charles Jefferson sits and sketches skillfully while his younger brother, Joseph, breathlessly completes his dramatic reading of *My First Cigar*. Thus through his two great-grandchildren, lives on the spirit of Joseph Jefferson, the great American actor, the Painter of the Teche.

Hot-Head

JAMES OWEN TRYON

A KING'S College student, lately come from the West Indies, stood on a table in the "Fields" and spoke words which electrified the crowd. His two comrades—one from Virginia, the other born and bred in New York—having prevailed upon him to speak, now listened with pride.

"It is war!" Scores of three-cornered hats were tossed into the air as though swept there by the force of the words. "It is the battle-field or slavery!"

It was strange that one so young should have such power to stir emotions—this small, frail figure, foppishly dressed in green broadcloth, with lace-trimmed shirt and light, curly hair tied with a black ribbon. Something within him gave to his prophetic words the ring of truth, when he spoke of what was to be "when the waves of rebellion, sparkling with fire, had washed back to the shores of England the wrecks of her power, her wealth, and her glory!"

The Virginian watched curiously a small group of men who held themselves aloof from the crowd. He recognized John Jay, George Clinton, William Livingston, and several others. Another, an elderly gentleman, muffled to the ears in an enormous stock, who seemed anxious to escape recognition, could be none other than Dr. Myles Cooper, President of King's College. The Doctor did not lack courage, if he dared to attend this meeting.

The Virginian, who wrote a fair, clerkly hand, had found extra-curriculum employment with Governor Tryon at Fort George. The day following the meeting in the "Fields" he called, as usual, at Governor's House. Letters must be written and documents drafted and filed. Lieutenant-Governor Colden had asked that the young man, though a personal employee of the Governor, who paid his salary from his own pocket, should be available for service during his Excellency's absence in England.

"I wish that our Governor had chosen some other time to absent himself from the colony," remarked Mr. Colden pettishly. "I lack the authority to deal with these

rebels as I would like. Between the seditious talk of hot-headed collegians like this young West Indian, who wants bloodshed, and the blatant intolerance of royalists like Dr. Cooper, I'm ever in a pickle."

Mr. Fanning, the Secretary, looked at him shrewdly. "You draw the Governor's pay, sir," he said. "The laborer should be worthy of his hire."

"I am nearing ninety years of age," said Mr. Colden. "I am too old for violence."

"Perhaps you misjudge the young man," said Mr. Fanning, after a pause. "He might be excused, on the score of his youth, an excess of mistaken patriotism. In my opinion, the boy is a genius. I told Dr. Cooper as much."

"And what did he say to that?"

"The Doctor is, as you observed, intolerant," admitted Mr. Fanning. "He characterized our friend as an infernal young pest and declared that he ought to be caned."

—But Dr. Cooper was afraid of his star pupil. He knew that he was no match for the boy in argument. Had he been more sure of himself, he would have reprimanded the young man publicly for making of King's College a hot-bed of rebellion. He studiously avoided a verbal controversy, but his pen was not idle. He kept Rivington and Hugh Gaine, the printers, busy turning out broadsides. Upon the appearance of his "American Querist, or Some Questions Propounded Relative to the Present Dispute between Great Britain and Her American Colonies", the Sons of Liberty became enraged and many demanded drastic action.

The three students, though hailing from such widely different sections of the globe, had become great friends and were always together. On the 10th of May, 1775, they were taking an evening stroll in the grounds of King's. As usual, they were discussing politics—or, rather, the West Indian was declaiming and his companions agreeing, in monosyllables. The Governor was supposed to be somewhere at sea, en route from England. That same day, though New York

had not, of course, had the news, Fort Ticonderoga had fallen before the colonials, led by Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold.

Suddenly the young man stopped talking to listen. From Broadway there came a dull murmur, growing steadily in volume. It did not take long for the three young men to realize its purport.

"The Sons of Liberty are up over something!" exclaimed the New Yorker, whose name was Robert Troup.

"Good Lord!" cried the West Indian. "They must be coming for Dr. Cooper!" The three raced for President's House, which they reached just as the mob turned into the college grounds.

"Cut around to the back and get the Doctor out!" shouted the West Indian. "I can make a speech and hold them off!"

Troup obeyed. The Virginian remained with his friend, to bear a hand if necessary. If noise were any indication, the mob was in a dangerous mood. It seemed to him, later, that he had never witnessed a more thrilling spectacle than that of the young West Indian holding in check the mob, by the sheer power of his eloquence, from the steps of President's House. It was a clear evening, and the rays of the moon illuminated his pale, boyish face. Shadows danced in the flickering glare of torches on the white pillars of the house. The lad's voice, though not strong, had a queer magnetic quality and carried well. His charm and sincerity always compelled attention.

But this night the mob was impatient. Hardly had he commenced to speak, when a drawling voice interrupted. "We're always glad to hear you talk, youngster," it said, "but make it short! We want Cooper!"

"The time is never too short," declaimed the orator, "for men to take counsel before acting. I have urged armed resistance to oppression and I have contended that free men owe no respect to a bigoted and tyrannical sovereign, but . . ."

A window was thrust open behind him and the face of Dr. Cooper appeared, aflame with anger.

"Pay no attention to that young hot-head!" he bawled. "He'd make you believe that black was white!"

Someone seized the angry pedagogue from the rear and drew him forcibly away

from the window, which went down with a bang. The speaker shrugged. There was no delaying the mob now. Determined figures in homespun surged past him and battered at the front door. The Virginian ran to the back, where he found Troup with the Doctor, who was now thoroughly frightened and willing to listen to reason. Between them, they got him away through the garden and to the river-bank, where Mr. Stuyvesant took him into his house and kept him overnight. In the morning Mr. Stuyvesant's gardener, in a row-boat, ferried the much-chastened President of King's College out to Captain Montague's ship-of-war, the *Kingfisher*, lying at anchor in the harbor.

The three friends came to the shore to see him off. The good Doctor regarded the young West Indian sourly.

"Mr. Troup tells me," he said, "that I owe my escape to you. I thank you for that and regret I misunderstood your intentions last night. But," he added grimly, "I still consider you a young hot-head!"

The young man laughed. "We are both hot-heads, I fear, sir," he said. "The difference between us is that I can afford to be one, while you can't. Your outburst last night might have cost you your life."

"You are right!" grumbled the Doctor, "Young as you are, you could always best me in an argument. But I warn you that you are headed for disaster!"

"Don't worry about me, sir!" returned the young man. "The climate here seems to agree with me splendidly, but I fear that it may prove unhealthy for you."

There was actually a twinkle in Dr. Cooper's eye as he stepped into the skiff. For the first time since he had known him, the Virginian thought, the Doctor seemed really mellowed.

"If it is any satisfaction to you to know it, young man," he said, "you have won your last argument with me. I shall not return to America."

Dr. Cooper never did return, but it did not matter. The young men of New York were too busy with other affairs for the next few years to care whether school kept or not. The old hot-head was soon forgotten, but not so young Alexander Hamilton, destined to become the greatest American of his time.

A Living Monument

CATHERINE REDMOND

The following article on Lexington, Kentucky, is the first in a series of articles which will be devoted to "Living Memorials"

IN those memorable and long-gone days of 1775 when our forefathers along the Atlantic seaboard defied the oppression of the British and began their struggle for independence, another movement was under way in the interior of the land to open up the wilderness and carry the white man's civilization into the "country of Kentucke." Though means of communication were poor, the pioneers who pushed forward into the canebrakes of Kentucky were eventually informed of the conflict in New England and it is indicative of the type of men they were that one of their first settlements in the newly explored country should be given the name of Lexington and so stand "as the first monument to the first dead of the Revolution."

From old books and documents on file in the present city of Lexington, Kentucky, the story of that city's beginnings may be drawn. After Daniel Boone and his hardy companions opened up the Wilderness Road, settlers began to trickle into Kentucky from North Carolina and Virginia; most of these stopped at Harrodsburg, eager to take refuge from the Indians behind the high stockade which Captain John Harrod was building around his settlement. From this settlement of Harrodsburg occasional scouting parties went out to survey the surrounding countryside and it was one of these which selected the site for and gave a name to Lexington.

It was June of 1775. The Battle of Lexington, Massachusetts, had been fought fifty days before but word of it had just reached the lonely wilderness outpost. Seated on logs and buffalo skins around a camp fire, the scouting party from Harrodsburg talked of the battle, guessed at what the outcome of such revolt might be. All their loyalties were with the brave men who had pledged their very lives to a fight for freedom from oppression, and none knew better than they

how sweet was freedom but what courage was necessary to walk with death both day and night in order to secure it. They looked around them at the stretch of peaceful countryside which they had chosen as site for a town, an expanse of verdant acres destined to fulfill, in triple measure, all they promised of fertility. What better name could they find for this settlement in virgin soil than Lexington? It was John Maxwell who made the suggestion and none demurred; their brave hearts were fired with admiration for the Colonists and they welcomed an opportunity to show proof of their loyalty.

Although this first scouting party built a cabin on the site they did not long remain in the new settlement. Threatened Indian raids led them to abandon their cabin and return to the security of Harrodsburg and its high stockade. Four years afterward, in April of 1779, Colonel Robert Patterson and twenty-five men came to the site and built thereon a log fort. This, a long-dead historian assures us, was "the first white man's residence on the beautiful region which now surrounds the city of Lexington." The second settlers were strong enough in number to withstand occasional Indian raids and gradually newcomers swelled the city's original population. In 1789, just ten years after Colonel Patterson and his party reached the site, a resident of Lexington wrote:

"It is astonishing how fast this town improves—it is by far the largest in the district and it is expected the immigration this fall will be greater than ever—report says there are seventy families now on their way to Kentucky—"

Improvement of the Wilderness Road and its opening for wagon traffic in 1796 so furthered the growth of Lexington that soon it was termed the "Athens of the West" and in 1815 a writer expressed his belief that "This town—promises to be the great in-



PREPARING TO STOP FOR THE NIGHT AT ONE OF THE EARLY INNS

land city of the Western World." That the latter prophecy was not fulfilled is due to the fact that, in 1815, the great expansion of the country across plains and mountains to the Pacific could not be foreseen. When cities more favorably located and with greater resources developed, Lexington relinquished her claim to supremacy in the West but never has she forgotten her proud history nor been supplanted as a leader in education, religion and that culture which has tolerance and hospitality as its brightest flowering.

There is much to delight one in the early history of Lexington. When the city was eight years old, in 1787, John Bradford set up there Kentucky's first printing shop which published the "Kentucky Gazette." He engaged post-riders to distribute the papers in outlying sections and to bring in news from various points, and to his office came newspapers from New York and Philadelphia which were read aloud to the eager populace gathered before the "Gazette's" door. The first regular stage coach line in Kentucky was started in Lexington in August, 1803, by one John Kennedy;

prior to its inauguration overland transportation in the state had been limited to horseback or the perils of wagon travel and to the residents of the Bluegrass it seemed a fine thing to have a stage coach traveling, on one day every week, over the forty-seven miles from Lexington through Winchester and Mt. Sterling to the Olympian Springs resort in Montgomery county. A little later in the same year Kennedy, in partnership with Wm. Dailey, started a second line between Lexington and Frankfort, with two trips scheduled every week.

The opening up of stage coach transportation in Lexington and vicinity aided, in inestimable measure, the development of the section and contributed to the state's history what is perhaps its most picturesque chapter to date. To accommodate the travelers who tore through the country on lurching coaches, inns were built at regular intervals along the route. The first inns were little more than log cabins but they were speedily expanded or replaced with more commodious quarters. A few of these nineteenth century "Travelers' Rests" still stand today or a modern hotel marks their

site. In Lexington, the best known tavern was Postlethewait's, established around 1800; it was enlarged to meet increasing needs, was burned in 1820, rebuilt, and burned again in 1879. Because its new walls seemed literally to rise out of the ashes, like the bird of mythology, the Inn was renamed Phoenix in 1879 and the popular Phoenix Hotel of today marks the site of the old Postlethewait's and is still a comfort and a joy to the traveling public.

In 1817 a stage line from Louisville to Wheeling, passing through Lexington, was inaugurated and this promised travelers connection with coaches for the east which ran from Wheeling to Philadelphia and Washington. A stage line to carry the United States mail was also opened from Lexington to Cincinnati; on the road coaches took the right of way before all other vehicles and the mail coaches especially made a show of their speed and importance. The driver, to clear the road ahead of him, would play notes on his cherished horn that could be sung: "Clear the road for we are coming, Do not delay the U. S. Mail."

People of great wealth and importance in that day traveled the stage routes in their private coaches. General Andrew Jackson, driven in his own coach by his "faithful Albert," made the trip back and forth from Washington to Nashville via Lexington; it took exactly one month to go from the "Hermitage" to the nation's capital and, from accounts such as that of a backwoods settler who chanced to see the General en route, he made an impressive picture: "I saw General Jackson once riding in the elegantest carriage that ever mortal man set his eyes on—with glass winders to it like a house and sort o' silk curtains. The harness was mounted with silver; it was drawn by four black nags, and drove by a mighty likely nigger boy." Henry Clay, whose home "Ashland" was in suburban Lexington, also traveled by private coach to Washington and such great men as President Monroe, General LaFayette, William Henry Harrison, Isaac Shelby, Daniel Webster and Generals Grant, Bragg and Kirby Smith used the stage lines and enjoyed the comforts of Postlethewait's tavern.

In the era before named streets and numbered houses made it easy to locate taverns or shops, Lexington and environs resembled, more nearly than it had before or has since, the English countryside because proprietors of inns and stores relied upon the English custom of a swinging sign to attract the attention of travelers and customers. There was keen competition in devising these signs and taverns lent an old-world note to their street scenes by gayly decorated signboards lettered "Cross Keys," "Don't Give Up the Ship," "Sheaf of Wheat," "Indian Queen," "Free and Easy," and "Green Tree." Inns throughout the state were likewise named, and in a few instances the old title has outlived the years; a tea shop, the "Green Tree Inn," flourishes in Lexington today and on the Lexington-Louisville road the "Cross Keys" Tavern is still in operation on the original site, although the spreading, white pillared colonial house of the nineteenth century was destroyed by fire in 1934.

In 1832 a traveler through Lexington reported that "The facilities for traveling are abundant" since "numerous stage lines run in the summer from Lexington, as a center, in every direction, to Nashville, Cumberland Gap, and the Southern States; to Louisville, Cincinnati and Maysville." September was considered the best month for travel by stage, as roads were worn smooth of ruts by then and there was little rain. Today, one hundred six years later, the visitor to Kentucky will travel over wide, hard-surfaced roads which replace the stage routes of yesterday; he will find good traveling in any month; will delight in the historic charm of a state which took its beginnings in the first years of our country's independence and has contributed much to the life and progress of our democracy; he will, when he visits Lexington and feels the throb of that city which is the heart of the Bluegrass, find his own heart throbbing likewise at thought of the pioneers who, in their westward trek, paused here to found a settlement as an enduring monument "to the first dead" of the American Revolution.

Warranty Deed

Continuing our series of old correspondence, the editor takes pleasure in presenting this interesting deed given by Philip, an Indian Chief, to John Bradley, et als.

TO All Persons To Whom these Presents Shall Come Greeting Know ie that I Philip an Indian A native of America now resident in upper Coos & chief thereof, for & in consideration of the sum hereafter named for which I have received security to my full satisfaction of Thomas Eames of Northumberland in the county of Grafton & state of New Hampshire his associates namely John Bradley & Jonathan Eastman of Concord, county of Rockingham & Nathan Hoyt of Moultonborough in the county of Strafford all in the state of New Hampshire Esqss. all my peculiar friends. I this day have given, bargained, sold released conveyed & confirmed & by these presents do give grant, bargain, sell, convey & confirm to them the said Thomas, John, Jonathan & Nathan, their heirs & assigns forever All that tract or parcel of land & waters situate within the following boundaries viz; beginning on the east side of Conneetecook now called Connecticut river at the mouth of Ammonoosuck river, then up said Ammonoosuck river to the head pond to the carrying place then across the carrying place to a small pond on the head of Peumpelussuck or dead river, then down said river to Andrewscoggin river, then up Andrewscoggin river to the lake Umbagogg including all the waters of said lake & islands, from said lake up Andrewscoggin to Allogumanabogogg lake, including all the waters & islands in said lake—then up said Andrewscoggin river to Molleychungomuck lake thence along the easterly side of said lake to the outlet of Mooselukmegantick, then up said river to said lake Mooselukmegantick including all the waters & islands thereof, then across the carrying place Quasuktecuck, thence down said river till it empties into Awsisgowassuck river, then up said river to Palmacninanabogogg lake, including all the water & island thereof, thence up Awsisgowassuck river to the carrying place that leads into Awseecunticook river or St. Frances river, thence down said river till it falls into the branch which empties from Lake Mansloo-

bagogg, including all the waters & islands thereof from thence up Nassskeecoowangg a small river to the head thereof—then across the carrying place to the head of Nulheagawnuuck then down said river to Conneetecook or Connecticut river then down said river including all the islands thereof to the mouth of Ammonoosuck river the place began at, agreeably to a plan I have this day given to them their heirs & assigns forever with the following conditions & reservations—namely that I reserve free liberty to hunt all sorts of wild game on any of forgoing territories and taking fish in any of the waters thereof for myself my heirs & sucksessors & all indian tribes forever, all liberty of planting four bushels of corn & beans & this my trusty friend, Thomas having given me security to furnish me & my squaw with provisions & suitable clothing which I have accepted in full, I have for myself & in behalf of all Indians who hunted on, or inhabited any of the foregoing lands or waters, forever quitclaimed & sold as aforesaid to them the said Thomas John & Jonathan & Nathan as a good estate in fee simple, and do covenant with them that myself & my ancient fathers forever & at all times have been in possession of the above described premises & at all I have a good right to & will warrant & defend the same to them the said Thomas, John, Jonathan & Nathan their heirs & assigns forever against the claims of all or any persons whatever. In witness thereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal & signature this twenty eighth day of June 1796.

Signed, sealed & old
in presence of

Ely Buel

Philip ^{his} × Indian chief
mark

Jeremh. Eames

Molley ^{her} × Messett
mark

Mooseleck ^{his} X Sussop
mark

State of New Hampshire, Grafton, ss, June 30th, 1796.

Personally appeared Philip Indian Chief, Molley Messett & Mooselick & acknowledged the foregoing instrument by them respectively subscribed to be their voluntary act & deed.

Before me, Jerh. Eames,
Justice Peace

Grafton, s.s. Nov^r 22d. 1796
Received recorded & examined,
Attest John Rogers Regr.

State of New Hampshire
Coos County Registry of Deeds July 23,
4-00 P. M. 1926

A true, correct and complete copy of record in volume 1, page 322, of Coos Record copied from Grafton County.

Attest;

Registrar.



Indian Summer

BEULAH WYATT PHILLIPS

*Sweet summer bid us an abrupt adieu,—
But for another farewell kiss she yearned,
So after leaving us, she soon returned,
Her loyalty and love to pledge anew.
A garish gown she wears, of varied hue,—
As leaves which have to flaming colors turned:
The memory of her loveliness which burned
In dull quiescence, flares at the review.*

*Dame nature was quite lavish in the share
Of charms which on sweet summer she bestowed:
Of gay sunbeams she made her golden hair,
And with bright smiles her lovely face o'erglowed:
Now Autumn haze augments her beauty rare,
While her dear eyes with pearly drops are flow'd.*

November

NANITA MAC DONELL BALCOM

*The frost has felled the marigolds,
Melted taper, blackened stem;
Gone is that swift radiance
That lit the store of them.*

*Clusters of chrysanthemums,
The tired garden's pride,
Hold undefeated sovereignty
Where regal asters died.*

*In waiting tree there is no breath
But whispers softly, "That which
dies
Is one with me, for life and death
Are One—in Paradise."*



The Viking Cross

KAY HUNTLEY

Illustrations by Carolyn and Eleanor Browning

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

ON HIS return to Greenland from a new land in the west, Leif, the son of Eric the Red of the Hall of Brattahlid, saves a group of persons shipwrecked on a reef.

The tale is told by Sigrid, one of those rescued, who is later lured into danger by The Hawk and saved by her sister Gudrid, the fairest maiden in Greenland. Leif, who is in love with Gudrid, is led to believe that she, rather than Sigrid, has been meeting The Hawk, and has therefore betrayed his love.

In order to protect Gudrid from the evil tale, Thorstein, one of Leif's brothers, weds her. At the betrothal feast, Thorvald, Leif's other brother, announces his intention to sail to the Vineland which Leif discovered to make further explorations. His boat returns to Greenland, but without him. Thorvald has died in the Western Land and has been buried there. Gudrid and Thorstein depart for Vineland to bring the body back to Brattahlid, in order that it may rest in consecrated ground.

A stormy summer follows the departure of Gudrid and Thorstein, and during the summer Thorbiorn Vifilsson, Gudrid's father, dies. Leif takes Sigrid, Siegfred, and Harald to Brattahlid to live. Gudrid returns the following spring.

Thorstein and Gudrid were unsuccessful on the sea during the summer, and they reached the shores of a Viking settlement in northern Greenland late in the autumn. Thorstein died of the plague that winter and in the spring Gudrid sailed back to Brattahlid. As a widow, she takes up her life once more with Sigrid and Siegfred, and Leif endeavors to find again the old path of understanding between Gudrid and himself.

Traders from Norway and Iceland come late the following autumn, and Karlsefni, one of the captains, falls in love with Gudrid, and she with him. They remain during the winter, for it is too late to return over the water. Happiness is now upon Gudrid's face, and this is attributed to the power of the Viking Cross which she again wears outside her dress.

XII

"TELL me more of this Western Land—this Vineland the Good," Karlsefni would beg of Gudrid as the five of us walked together before the coming of the snows.

With one accord Siegfred, Harald and I would add our pleas to his.

Then Gudrid would seek out a mossy rock and seat herself thereon, continuing her spinning as she spoke of Vineland. All the Greenland voyages she recounted, that of Bjarni, of Leif, and of Thorvald. And she told also of the voyage she had made with her husband, Thorstein—the voyage which had failed. No details did she omit, while her way of speaking was such that as we listened, our eyes lifted from the waves to the clouds on the far horizon, and it seemed that we saw pictured there the very hills and dales of the distant sea-swept land.

There was light in Gudrid's eyes and a joy in her voice that seemed like unto singing, until Karlsefni was fain to say, "Verily, Gudrid, I believe thou hast seen this Vineland."

But Gudrid scarce seemed to heed the interruption as she continued weaving the thread of her story and the thread from the sheep's wool at one and the same time.

One day after she had talked about Vineland thus, until she had told all that was known of that Western Land, we came out from the shelter of the rock near the top of a cliff where we had been sitting listening to her. Here the winds were mighty and sweeping, so that to escape them I lay down in a little moss-covered hollow to catch my breath. Above my soft bed rushed the winds then, but I was cradled out of their reach, and also, though I did not plan it thus, out of sight of Gudrid and her companion. The two were standing not far beyond me on the highest point of the cliff, the wind whipping their cloaks behind them, and blowing their words in my direction.

Then the wind lessened, and Karlsefni seeing Siegfred and Harald in the distance descending the rocks toward some birds' nests, must have believed I was with them, for his voice changed until it was low and tender like that of a bird when it woos its mate.

"Gudrid . . ." he said, and hesitated. Then again he spoke, "Gudrid, there is somewhat I would ask of thee. Yet am I, who had not hitherto known the meaning of the word 'fear,' fearful of speaking. For with the words I wish to say do I hazard all my fate."

"Fear is a word I would not have thee learn," answered Gudrid. "Nor does it go with thy name."

"Then do I hazard all and say, wilt thou go with me to this Vineland, and show me the wonders of which thou hast told me? For I have heard the story from many since I came to Greenland, and always it is a brave one. Yet only when thy voice speaks of that country do I know the lure of it great upon me, and feel that straightway must I sail to its shores."

"Many are the lands to which I have sailed, and varied the roads along which I have wandered, yet I would fain follow this new path which thy words have opened before me. I would go and explore this strange land, which few Vikings have yet seen. Aye, Gudrid, I would do more than explore this land—I would dwell there forever. Yet when I think of this Vineland the Good, I think ever of thee, Gudrid. And when I consider dwelling in that place, then think I always of thee and the home we two might know in this Vineland."

"I have seen many maidens in many lands, yet I have wooed none. Nor thought I ever to do so, but to take dutifully some day that woman whom my Iceland kinsmen might choose for me."

"Now I know that never again shall I think thusly. For now I seek only that one of my own choosing, that one which the falcon brought on his wings from the heavens, one shining as the sun itself, with the blue of the skies enfolding her. Gudrid, I would choose that one only. Now answer and tell me whether my hope of the sun is in vain?"

Gudrid stood still with her hands folded in front of her, and for several minutes she made no answer but looked out over the sea. Then she spoke, but her voice was so low that I scarce heard it, yet was it vibrant with feeling.

"Karlsefni, before I give thee an answer, let me say this. When my eyes fell upon thee I knew thee for a great man and my

heart sought thee out. If I speak thus freely it is because I am no longer a maid but a woman grown, and one who has seen much of life and has known trouble. Yet all that has happened to me now seems but as blown spindrift from the sea, and as a fog that has passed before the coming of a fair day."

Then a great silence fell upon the place, and I knew that even though unwittingly I had heard words that were not intended for my ears, that now should the cliff hold but two people. So without lifting my eyes, I crept forth silently from my nest, and stole like the swift fox over the mosses after my brother and Harald, and when I caught up with them, I said naught of what I had heard.

Only when I was far distant did I look back once more upon the cliff, and there the two I had left were still standing, outlined against the sun and the sea. The winds had risen once more and were sweeping over them, and the two cloaks, the blue and the green, lifted from their shoulders like bright wings, so that for a moment I knew a childish fantasy and half expected I should see these two flying across the sky as I had once seen the Valkyries on their galloping steeds.

My heart was singing its own song, a song of gladness that Gudrid should at last depart for this Vineland of which I knew she had ever dreamed. Nor did I think of being sorrowful at the thought that she should leave me again, nor did I wonder at what should be my own fate. It was well now and fitting, for Karlsefni and Gudrid knew a kinship of spirit, and from the first I had known that about them had an invisible chain been thrown, a chain that was tautening now toward the last link.

After that hour on the cliff, Karlsefni and Gudrid seemed to speak but seldom to each other, and their words were few. Then I realized that words were no longer necessary between them, that they spoke now in their hearts, and speaking thus set them apart and isolated from others in whose company they might be. It seemed strange to me that all who saw them did not mark this thing, yet none said aught to me concerning it.

Later did I learn that Gudrid had murmured a little at the short betrothal which Karlsefni desired, for the bridal, he de-

clared, must follow fast upon the betrothal.

"Nay," she had protested, "thy mother and thy kinsmen in Iceland might not like so unusual a thing, and besides they should be consulted in the matter of thy betrothal."

But Karlsefni swept her protests away by declaring that when his mother and kinsfolk saw the superior woman he had chosen, they would rejoice at his wisdom, and forgive all breaches of custom, which were but a protection in such matters, and could not possibly apply in their affairs, for were they not different from all others?

Besides there was Vineland. Long had it waited beyond the waves for men brave enough to come and settle there in its fruitful valleys, to build there their halls, and set up their long fires. Truly, no custom should stand longer as a barrier to the possession of Vineland. "And Vineland to me, Gudrid, has no lure save that thou art at my side. Thine is the foot which must press the land first, and thou art the one who shall thereby lend it a beauty it has hitherto lacked."

Before such speaking Gudrid's objections melted as the star-flakes on her cloak beneath the warmth of Karlsefni's hand. And seeing his advantage, Karlsefni demanded where Gudrid's kinsmen might dwell, in order that he might send his emissary to them at once.

Gudrid was startled then, but she answered after a little thought, "I think there is none of whom you may ask my hand, save of Leif. For he is Thorstein's brother, and now that my own father is gone, and my brother yet young, it must be that Leif has authority over this matter."

After learning this, Karlsefni did not send his friend, Snorri Thorbrandsson, to Leif at once. For it was evident to Karlsefni that Leif's mood was such that the time was not auspicious for the request.

Leif had enveloped himself in a strange silence, a darkness as it were that wrapped him as in a cloak. He spoke little when at the board, and he lingered not for the storytelling, but would leave the hall abruptly, while often after his going Thorhall the Hunter would steal forth to follow him. And when that happened the two did not return to the hall until very late, and often not until the following morning.

Whether or not Karlsefni heard whispers of an old affection between Leif and Gudrid I could not say. Though it were not strange had he been told.

But one day as Leif paused by the long fire I saw Karlsefni rise and draw near to him there. Leif made at once as though to depart, but Karlsefni stayed him with a gesture, saying:

"Hast thou aught weighing upon thee, Leif?"

Leif looked at his guest and seemed to ponder his answer as a chess player might his next move.

"Is it that I seem to be concerned?" he asked at length.

"Aye," answered Karlsefni, "it has been noted that thou art somewhat more silent than when we arrived. Thou hast been most gracious to us and hast entertained us with great liberality in this hall. Yet we know Greenland is a long way from Norway, and that supplies, therefore, cannot always be plentiful here. If it should chance that such a lack be in any way the cause of thy melancholy, there is no reason to be concerned further, for we can do somewhat to relieve it. Already are we under great obligation to thee, and rejoiced shall we be to serve thee, and in this fashion pay a trifle on our debt toward thy hospitality."

Leif, I know, was surprised at the turn the conversation had taken. Yet was he relieved also, for now there was no need to seek and choose his answer. In his gentleness Karlsefni had chosen an excuse for him.

The courtesy behind the words was evident, yet was there good reason for Karlsefni's statement. For supplies at Brattahlid were indeed low, and Leif, who had not in any wise stinted his guests, had need to be concerned as to what might soon be served them. Also the Yule season was not yet come when men are wont to feast more than usual.

As Karlsefni was speaking thus by the long fire, Leif was making a mighty effort to cast aside the enveloping darkness of his mood. For he had not missed the fact that happiness was now blazing like a torch between Gudrid and Karlsefni, and well he knew that torch had consumed the pyre of his own hopes, until naught remained there but gray ash.

Yet now did Leif show his heritage, for I saw his head lift, his shoulders straighten and a look like to that of Eric the Red in times of stress came slowly over his face. With such a look must Eric have determined to wrest good fortune out of bad and to fashion a good ending from a poor beginning.

"Truly," began Leif, "both thou and thy friend, aye, and Bjarni Grimholfsson and Thorhall Gamlisson also, have accepted that which I offered at Brattahlid gracefully, and never hast there been any lack of courtesy on thy part. Yet, as thou hast suspected, I am concerned about the coming days, lest my guests fare ill by reason of having accepted my invitation. For the Yule season is approaching, and I have great fears lest it not be as bountiful as those to which thou hast hitherto been accustomed."

Leif raised his hand and placed it on Karlsefni's shoulder, and Karlsefni responded likewise, saying joyfully,

"Then is there no need for you to be concerned, Leif, for our ship is loaded with malt and meal, with honey and with ale, and these things you are to consider as yours henceforth to do with as you wish, for such is only fitting and just. And in your taking them shall we ourselves be made to feel doubly welcome."

Leif thanked him graciously, though he knew that now he had cleared the road for the negotiations which he had no doubt Karlsefni would tender. But from that hour on no one at Brattahlid was to appear as merry, or send his voice ringing to the rafters as often as Leif. He was as Eric the Red had been at Gudrid's betrothal feast, when Eric could already see the path before his feet leading out of this world.

From the ship Karlsefni caused great stores to be brought to Brattahlid, stores such as the storehouses had never before possessed in abundance, and preparations were made for the Yule feasting. Never had such a feast been set forth, and never had the hall of Brattahlid resounded to such merriment. So said all the folk that were there, and they all agreed likewise that Leif Erickson was the gayest of that gay company.

Thorhall the Hunter watched him for a time with narrowed eyes, and then, de-

ciding that all was well, lost himself completely in his drinking, until someone said his thirst was like that of the ocean, never completely satisfied, and that no matter how full he was, yet could he find room for the emptying of another horn.

Candles were fashioned, and these twinkling stars added light to the great torches burning on the board. But brighter than candles and torches, and leaping higher was the talk and laughter of the men.

They talked of old days and brave deeds. They talked of newer days and of many lands. They talked of the mighty discoverers which Greenland had fathered and they talked of Vineland the Good.

"Skoal!" cried the men in memory of Eric the Red. "Skoal!" they cried of Leif, master of Brattahlid, and "Skoal," they cried of Vineland, Vineland the Good beyond the Western Sea.

It was a day to be remembered in the sagas as long as the sagas themselves should be repeated.

After the Yule feast was ended, Karlsefni's friend, Snorri Thorbrandsson went to Leif with Karlsefni's proposal. For Karlsefni had no kinsmen with him to do the errand. Siegfred has told me since that with well chosen words did Snorri speak of Gudrid, of her accomplishments and her great beauty, and said that he, himself, though he had traveled far and long, had seen none in any land who could in any wise compare with her.

Then he spoke highly of his friend, Karlsefni, and added that many men in many lands could testify to his bravery, while the strength of his sword, Fearless, had often been tempered by his kindness of heart, and his quick sympathies. Moreover his family was well known for many generations, ever since the days when Kiarval had been King of the Irish, and nothing was hidden or twisted in his lineage. His property in Iceland was great, to say nothing about his trading ship or his store of gold and silver, which were suited to one with the qualities which Karlsefni possessed.

Leif listened with courtesy and answered that he saw nothing against the proposal. He declared that since Gudrid had now no kin save Siegfred, who was yet young, it was his right, after consulting with Siegfred, to yield Gudrid to Karlsefni.

Of the Iclander, Leif, said, he had heard naught but good reports, and his behavior had been open and in all ways excellent since his coming to Greenland. Moreover, his men were devoted to him, and it was evident, Leif added, that folk knew whereof they spoke when they called him Karlsefni. And as for Gudrid, who was the fairest and most gifted of all women in Greenland, as he had reason to know since she had wed with his brother, he believed that in wedding Karlsefni she would fulfil her own great destiny, which people in Greenland had long felt was in store for her. Therefore, ended Leif, he gave his consent to the betrothal.

Siegfred added his word of agreement, and came straight to tell me of what had happened. Not once, he said had Leif flinched in his speaking; and certain it was that he carried out his duties well in the days that followed. He it was who overlooked all the preparations, both for the betrothal-ale and those that followed hard upon that for the bridal-ale. For there was much to be done before springtime, and Leif agreed with Karlsefni that if the plans for the journey to Vineland were to be carried out, then must the bridal-ale follow fast upon that of the betrothal.

Splendid was the betrothal ale, aye, declared the guests, it was more sumptuous than that of the Yule-tide. And scarce had the guests returned home from this feasting than they were bid once again to Brattahlid to the bridal-ale.

Day and night had we worked in preparation for that event, and my needle had flashed back and forth with Lea's in the fashioning of the gown for Gudrid's bridal. For while she had declared that for her wedding she would wear her blue wadmál, in which Karlsefni had seen her first, and Karlsefni approved of this, for he said that in naught else would she appear so beautiful.

Yet Leif would in no wise listen to such a proposal and gave out as his wish that Gudrid be led forth gowned in the lin-fee which his brother, Thorstein had bestowed upon her. And to this Gudrid consented.

Long after did I learn that Leif had received the blue cloth with threads of gold and silver glinting through it as a gift from King Olaf Tryggvasson himself,



at the time Leif sojourned at his Court in Norway. Then did I understand that from the moment Leif had rescued Gudrid he had intended it as his own gift to her. Yet had fate deemed otherwise, and Leif had given the cloth through his brother as linfee. And now he was to see Gudrid dressed as a bride in the Tartary goods, and he had sanctioned that bridal, had bestowed her, whom he himself loved best, to the stranger beneath his roof, aye, to one descended from the enemies of Eric the Red.

I think that Leif was astounded at Gudrid's beauty when she stood forth from her bower on the morn of her bridal, arrayed in the blue robe, with our mother's cross gleaming upon her breast and the strange beads called amber encircling her throat. The blue of the gown was the very color of the sapphire inset in the cross, and the gold of the cross was not lovelier than the gold threads in the gown, nor Gudrid's own fair braids falling smooth and thick and even from the linen of her headdress. I folded our mother's cloak about her, and it seemed to me that the folds settled themselves gently as though unseen hands draped them in place, and I doubted not then, nor

do I doubt now, that those hands were our mother's.

Karlsefni's cloak of yellow pell was lined with martin skin, and clasped with a knot of gold entwined with silver. Beneath it I caught a glimpse of his green robe, as he led Gudrid forth, and a belt of white material curiously carved, which I had not seen hitherto, and which Karlsefni said was ivory.

Through paths made in the deep snow to the Brattahlid church we rode, and Leif rode by Karlsefni's side. The church was nigh buried deep in the snow, and the crosses of the churchyard were all hidden.

Yet when we entered it seemed to me that the church was already filled with unseen guests and that they bade us welcome, for one after another the memory of those who had left this world for another flitted across my mind, Eric the Red, my father, and Thorstein the husband of Gudrid. Aye, I even remembered the capering Tyrker for whom Vineland had been named.

And though the church was cold, yet did the candles shine bravely, and the hoarfrost of the walls was hidden under fur hangings, the furs piled deep for the bridal

pair to kneel upon. The priest was muffled, yet was his voice firm and even, and the light of the candles shone brave in that place, the scent of the incense was like spring flowers.

And as the words were intoned over them and the sign of the cross made, the voices of some late guests came singing over the snows, sounding beautiful in the distance.

All the snow was a-glitter when we came forth and on a shining way we returned to Brattahlid. More candles and torches than the Yule or the betrothal ale had known, filled the hall now, and Lea had brought forth a tapestry which hung in back of the high seat, one which she had so treasured that never before had I seen it brought from the dower-chest. She herself, in her youth had worked at part of its design, and before her many were the hands of noble women who had thrust their needles through the material. From Norway it had come, from a great hall there, to Iceland and thence to Greenland.

Leif in his scarlet robe beneath the tapestry was brighter than any figure embroidered on the hanging, yet did Karlsefni in his robe the color of the springtime seem to outshine him. On the post of Karlsefni's chair sat the great falcon, and on its leg was a golden ring, which Karlsefni had caused to be welded there, in payment, he said, of a great favor which the falcon had rendered him. It was fitting therefore, that he should receive the ring for thus are messengers bringing good news always repaid.

All in the hall knew that besides gold and silver and a little bag filled with jewels, Karlsefni had given as mun for Gudrid a great estate in Iceland, so that from that day forth Gudrid would be reckoned as a woman with wealth. There was great expectancy, therefore, as to what he should offer as lin-fee, and when he brought it forth there were some there who were disappointed, for it could in no wise compare with the lin-fee Thorstein Ericksson had given her.

For Karlsefni laid across Gudrid's knees the scarlet cloth from Norway, which he had brought to Greenland for trading. And though there were many who thought it would have been more fitting had he given her white linen such as he had bestowed

upon Lea, others praised the gift, for after all such cloth was worn only by the high-born, and besides there was much of it, so that it spilled in little hills about Gudrid's blue skirt and upon those of the women beside her on the cross benches. Little recked we then the use which should be made of the lin-fee, nor the fashion in which it should come to serve us.

The bridal-ale was long, the feasting great, for Karlsefni had spared no pains in bringing to Brattahlid aught from the ship that should heap the board that night, and Leif and his men had done their best to vie with him, for they at least could contribute generously the products of the hunt, and of the sea.

There was no horn for the women to drink from that night, but a crystal cup, beautiful beyond the telling. There were dried figs, filled with tiny seeds, but marvelous to the tasting; there were nuts rich and good.

Leif himself seemed the most joyous of the company. He led in the jesting and merriment, and was the last to take leave of the bridal pair, established in the weaving-room.

By that time everyone's eyes were drooping with the need of sleep, and Leif saw that all were settled comfortably on the sleeping benches.

Then, instead of going to his own bed with its carved posts, Leif mumbled something about a creature in the byre that was ill and needed tending, upon which he must look before taking his rest, and slinging his cloak over his shoulders went swiftly through the passage.

I had chanced to overhear his words, and saw him when he went, for I had slipped back to the hall for a fur covering I had left on a stool, and this I gathered about my shoulders and followed him through the passage. For a fear had come upon me lest Leif do harm to himself. I had never forgotten how he had broken his leg in the old days, and always had I felt that which had happened then had not been by accident.

It was easy to follow him, for he glanced not once behind him as he hurried along the shoveled path to the cattle byre, and passed inside. And when I entered after him, and he heard that he was not alone he

was startled for a moment. I feared his anger, but I spoke softly saying, "Leif, it is but Sigrid following thee."

Then answered Leif gently, "Sigrid, little sister, art thou come too? Verily I knew from thine eyes this evening that I was not deceiving thee, howbeit I put falcon-blinders upon all the others. Thou, I have noted, hast ever a way of watching, and I think thou knowest much which I and others would sometimes fain keep from thee."

The lightness of his voice failed him then and he put forth a shaking hand and drew me toward him and held me in his arm as though I were indeed his sister, and he sobbed as only a man can sob when his soul-shield is fallen before him.

Vainly tried I to comfort him, though all I could say was his name, and over and over I spoke it, "Leif, Leif." And tears ran down my cheeks.

At last he grew quieter and said, "Aye, little sister. Do not grieve. For this I have come to was of my own doing. For I blinded myself in my seeing, through the foolishness of my oath."

And when he spoke of his oath's foolishness, then did I realize that my oath too was foolish. And I cast aside all the sayings I had heard concerning the sanctity of the oath, for I had sudden understanding which I knew of a certainty to be of greater worth than the oath's sanctity. Then said I that which through the years I had wanted much to say.

"Thou hast spoken, Leif, of my seeing more than thou wouldst have me see. And if this be so, then did I learn the art of Eric, thy father. For he, too, saw into my inmost heart, and much that I would have hidden from him was as clear to him as runes carved on a stone in the sun."

Then told I all that had happened in the unforgotten day in that very byre, so Leif might know that Gudrid had in no wise sinned.

I think he would have stopped me, save for the sensing that the telling was good for me.

But when I had finished, Leif groaned a great groan and said, "Long ago, little sister, did I know Gudrid could never have failed in aught, though the truth I did not know. And as for what you have told me

now, it is forgotten. It would be well," he added, "that you forget it also."

There were stumbling footsteps behind us then, hiccoughs and some mutterings, and through the passage reeled Thorhall the Hunter, shaking and uncertain, but driven out of fear to search for Leif, for when he missed him, he, too, thought Leif might do himself harm.

"Aye," said Leif, "here is the pagan who also knows this Christian well! Go back, now, Sigrid, and get thy rest, for I have good care, as you see," and he lowered the drunken old man carefully to a bed in the hay and went with me through the passage and stood there until I was safely at the hall.

In the morning I woke to the sound of Leif's voice, booming and laughing from the long fire. Through suffering truly had he won through into the full heritage of Eric the Red.

Only one other could vie with Leif that day, and that was Gudrid. For she was as a dancing flame, a flowering spring, nay, as a summer sun at Brattahlid. It was plain that to her at last had come such happiness as a woman rarely knows. Karlsefni was as a half of her very existence. He was, she told me, laughing, as a hart among deer, as ruddy gold amidst grey silver, a precious gem among field pebbles.

No more was Gudrid joy-bereft, for she had come into a heritage of happiness so great that as long as she and Karlsefni dwelt together it would not fail her, and when he died, if indeed prophecy should prove true, then would his memory be as a sweet spring of water from which she might ever quench her thirst.

XIII

The Icelanders, who had sailed their trading boats thither from Norway were making them ready now for the voyage to Vineland. They had rolled them forth from the boat-houses where they had lain all winter long. They had painted them freshly above the water-line, and set dragonheads and tails, newly carved and brightly gilded, to them, for no pains had been spared in changing them from kaup-ships¹ into dragons.²

Harald and Siegfred had each carved a weather vane, and these were gilded and placed on the top of each mast, where the

¹ Trading-ships.

² War-ships.

fresh sails were hung, sails which Gudrid had woven, striped with green and red and blue. And a brave sight the ships made when the yellow and black shields were set closely along the sides, so that one shield overlapped the next. While each shield had the holy cross painted upon it, save only that of Thorhall the Hunter, and he would not permit that a cross be painted on his shield. Instead he himself pictured there the hammer of Thor.

It seemed to me that all the people in the Eastern Settlement foregathered on the shore while the ships were being made ready. Many a man wanted to go on the voyage, who could not, because of his family, so it was decided to sail first to the Western Settlement to gather more men from that place. Thorhall the Pagan knew some in Lysufirth who had been in Vineland with Leif, and there were two from Thorvald Ericksson's expedition there, who could never talk enough of the Western Land. Then, too, Karlsefni thought from the things he had been told, that the wind from that Settlement would favor his sailing.

Leif had been dismayed at first when Thorhall the Hunter had showed such an interest in the preparations for the voyage. For it was evident that he wanted to forsake his stewardship at Brattahlid to sail thence to Vineland again. But he would not ask permission of Leif, for he knew that Leif now depended on him.

It was Leif, therefore, who seeing how great was his desire, suggested that inasmuch as Thorhall the Hunter had already been in that place, and was known as one able to find unknown paths in strange lands, he might be very valuable to Karlsefni in his explorations. It would be a good idea, he said, to offer Karlsefni his services.

Then did the Hunter's face light up, but he only answered gruffly, "It depends whether or not there will be drink in plenty there?"

"Surely," answered Karlsefni. "If our ale be low then, what matter. I know how to make a brew from grapes that is far better."

"Then," announced Thorhall the Hunter, bringing his fist down upon the board with a mighty thud so that the trenchers danced,

"then will I go, for I am weary of an occasional sip of watered ale and would fain try something better."

There was loud uproar at that, for never had the ale at Brattahlid been so plentiful or so strong as that winter, and of it Thorhall had taken his full share.

From the first Gudrid had let it be known that she could not be parted from my brother and me, and that Harald, too, must go with them to the New Land. And for months we had been busied preparing the provisions. Butter and buckets of curd cheese, meat and fish dried and salted, some bread made from the meal Karlsefni had brought, and the little ale remaining we sent on board. And as a parting gift Lea gave Gudrid a comb of honey she had been treasuring and a bundle which she told her to leave well wrapped until she came to Vineland.

There was an incident that spring which caused me sore trouble, and it concerned Harald. For one day he waited for me outside the storehouse and begged me to walk with him. And though I was over-busied and told him so, yet was his voice so insistent that I yielded.

"Sigrid," he urged, when we paused by a rock along the fjord-side, "wilt thee not go with me, as Gudrid is going with Karlsefni, to the New Land? Give me leave to send an emissary to Leif and Siegfred, and let the betrothal-ale be held at once, so that the bridal may take place before we depart. For we know not what adventures may await us there, and I have loved thee long."

Then did I stare at him in amazement, for though I knew full well that Harald was no longer brother to me, yet had the thought of wedding him never entered my head, and this I said bluntly. At that his face was flushed with redness and he turned away with no further word.

Whereat I must run after him pleading, "Harald, Harald, I meant the saying not to hurt thee. But methinks I was ill so long that I have lost much of my youth and would fain regain it before wedding anyone. Yet this I would say, there is not one that I would wed sooner. Save now, this is a thought both sudden and new, and my mind is filled with this Western Land and the voyage hither. Canst this matter not wait a time, Harald?"

"Aye," said Harald briefly, "it can wait." But he was sore hurt nevertheless, so to make light of the matter I added, "Besides there is but little ale, and that should be saved for the journey and not wasted on a betrothal."

"Wasted!" said Harald sharply, and he walked away and would not suffer me to go with him. Then was I sorry for what I had said, and grieved at Harald's hurt, for it seemed to me that always there was much hurt and suffering in the world, suffering like that of Leif's, for though that was well hidden now, yet did I know that the wound was there.

It was at this moment Freydis met me with her plea.

Freydis looked wan and pale and strangely humble, as she came up, and she spoke first of Gudrid, saying that she was one as far above others as stars are above the earth, and glad she was that she was wed to so fair an Icelander.

Her own ideas had changed greatly, Freydis declared, and sorry was she now that she had behaved in the past in so unruly a manner toward Gudrid, my sister. For there were some folk in the world who deserved good and gained it. And some there were who did not deserve aught, and who failed in all that they undertook.

Such a one was she herself, with a husband who amounted to naught. And moreover was she not childless all the while. And though she was reputed to have much wealth, yet was this not so, and it would require much effort on her part to keep from asking further aid of Leif, and this she was determined not to do. For she was not inheritance-born, and well she knew it, and this knowledge was the cause of all her bitterness.

Thus did she ramble on, and there was some truth in some things she said, and in some there was not any truth whatever. But I had hurt one person grievously that day, and had no appetite for hurting another. So that I felt sorry even for Freydis, and asked whether there was aught I could do to aid her in her plight.

Then in a rush did she spill out her words, saying that she had not enjoyed much in her life, and wished some slight pleasure before she went forth to Hell. Naught in the world appealed to her as did

the voyage to Vineland the Good, and had she been born a man she had gone thence long since. For she had heard the land was beautiful beyond belief, and filled, moreover, with great wealth. She would fain see these things for herself, but after the way she had behaved she knew full well it was useless to ask Karlsefni to take her and her husband thence.

"Then why not ask Bjarni Grimholfsson and Thorhall Gamliison to take the two of you in their ship?" I suggested. "Surely they have naught against thee, and as for the incident which they saw when you threw Gudrid's cross into the long fire, probably they have put it down as the result of some woman's quarrel."

It came out then that she had already asked Bjarni and Thorhall and they had refused her. Only she was certain that did I speak to Gudrid, who had great influence with her husband, she might persuade him to allow Freydis this single wish of her heart, this one small pleasure.

And grievous it is to remember that so sorry was I for Freydis that I did that which she wanted, and asked Gudrid to speak to Karlsefni concerning their going with us to Vineland. Gudrid gave me a curious look, but she did as I wished and urged Karlsefni that Freydis be allowed to sail with us.

For Gudrid admitted that Freydis could not help her unfortunate birth, and that it was responsible for much that was displeasing about her. I think Gudrid felt also, that in taking Freydis with them, Leif would know that they harboured no ill will toward her.

Karlsefni declared that he thought such a decision unwise, but since Gudrid asked it, he would allow Freydis to sail. Only she must understand that he would brook no ill behaviour on her part.

Thus were Freydis and her husband added to our company, and a goodly number it was when the two boats prepared to sail to the Western Settlement in Greenland.

Both the ships and the afterboats were heavily loaded, for there were cattle and sheep with us, and much that would be needed until we learned the ways of the New Land and how to live easily on the bounty which it held.

After the day Harald had spoken of our

betrothal and had startled me into rudeness, he said naught further. Though I think he might have done so had not a sad thing happened to Siegfred.

For Siegfred had fallen greatly in love with Arnora Ormsdattar, and she returned his love in like manner. But Orm, her father, was ambitious and would not heed Harald's request when he went as Siegfred's emissary to him.

From childhood, declared Orm, he had destined Arnora for Svein Helgisson. Svein dwelt in Iceland, but he had been to Greenland in a trading ship, and had wintered there once with Orm. That summer his return was expected for Arnora was now of an age to be married. Svein himself was uncouth and older than Orm, and moreover it was known that he had already outlived three wives.

But between Orm and Svein had been crooked dealings, and Orm declared that he had sworn Arnora to him. So there was naught Siegfred could do further, though I know he urged Arnora to suffer him to hide her in Karlsefni's dragon-boat, and go thus to Vineland.

This Arnora would not do, having been brought up always in great fear of Orm, so that her lot was worse than that of a thrall. One morning that spring, something unusual was seen floating at the mouth of the fjord, and when men swam out to it and brought it in, it was the body of Arnora. Great bruises covered it, and some said they were made from beating, but others declared that the tossing of the body against the rocks might have marked it thus.

In this manner was Siegfred's love taken from him, but not by such a one as Svein Helgisson, and in that there was some comfort.

Harald, who had sworn blood-brotherhood with Siegfred, had little desire, I think, after that to push his own affairs to a happier conclusion. For it would not have been seemly to have himself enjoyed happiness when all had gone so ill for my brother. Now did the three of us seem to cling close together as of old, and I took great care in my speaking not in anywise to hurt Harald further.

It was a fair day when we were ready to leave Ericksfirth for Lysufirth to the

north of us. The last load of fur-wrapped goods was carried over the gang planks, the last person settled in the boats. The walrus ropes were loosened, the anchor lifted, a long line of men on the shore waded deep into the water, giving the final impetus. The oars dipped as one when the waders gave their mighty push. The dragons moved forth proudly, and those folk left behind raised a skirl at the sight. Then the dragons bent their heads in answer and leaped joyously to the wave crests. The bull bellowed and the sheep added their plaintive fear-cries.

Siegfred was on one side of me holding my hand tightly as he looked back toward the fjord where the body of Arnora had so recently been floating. Harald was on my other side, but he stood alone, until I reached forth my hand, and he took it, but his hold was light.

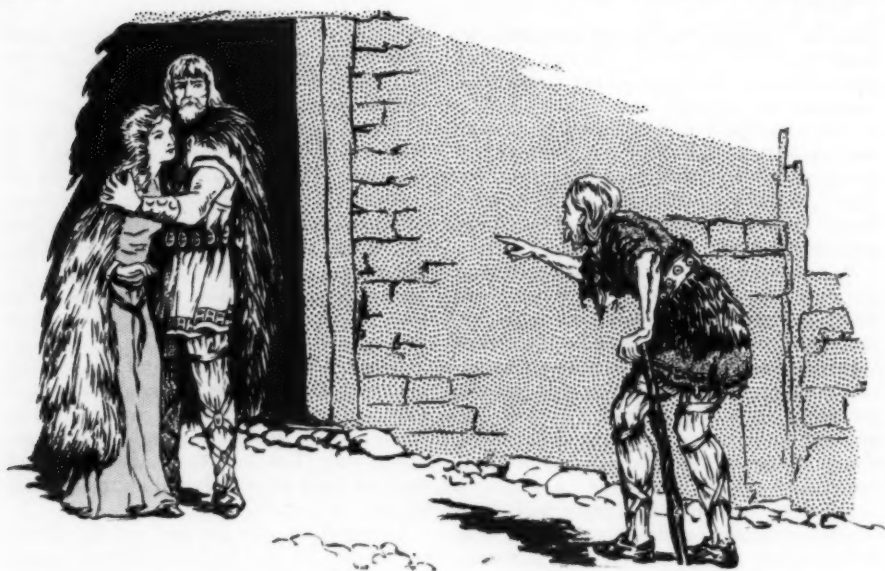
I looked in vain for Leif on the shore, for though he had bade us farewell there, had held Karlsefni's hand long, had given Gudrid greeting, and a brief farewell, and had kissed me, calling me "little sister," yet now he was nowhere to be seen. And I grieved not to have had one last look at him in his armour and scarlet cape.

But as the ships moved faster and faster, suddenly on a cliff which was wet with the ebbing tide, and glistened in the sun as though newly polished by the flail of Loki, the fire god, there appeared a lone figure whose walk was not quite true and even. And I knew it was Leif.

He stood high on the cliff, one hand shading his brow, the other raised in farewell and blessing. And as we gazed, a smaller figure joined him. I thought that must be Thorkels, for he was forever trailing at Leif's heels. At the sight of the two a sob broke from Thorhall the Hunter beyond me.

"Aye," he said, "there stands Leif—who was once called the Lucky."

But Gudrid did not see him, for she was close by Karlsefni at the rudder. Different now for her was the journey between Ericksfirth and Lysufirth. The last time Gudrid had made it she sailed in a ship laden with death. Now she was taking the first step toward a New World, and the ship was vibrant with the voices, the laughter, the hopes of the living. Aye, and with the



hope of new life also, for Gudrid carried Karlsefni's child within her, and with that burden such a joy was upon her that sometimes I feared almost to gaze at one who carried herself as though she were blessed of heaven, or as Thorhall the Hunter put it, of the gods. And I liked not the look I saw Freydis give her, nor the fumbling of Freydis in her pouch where she hid the amulet of Thor. Foolish, I thought, had I been, to urge the taking of such a one with us. Then the cross flashed on Gudrid's dress and I was comforted and at ease again.

Our stop at the Western Settlement was brief, but from there Karlsefni did obtain additional men, Jon Gnuþsson, a carpenter, and Halldor Finnursson who was known for his skill in navigating, and who had been with Thorvald. There were Arn Grimsson and Brand Thorlaksson, but Stein Ingolfsson, who had been with Leif and knew well the vicinity about the house Leif had built in Vineland, had recently died. However, there were some others who joined us, so when we finally sailed there were a hundred and sixty souls in all, and twelve of us were women.

Again fair weather blessed our going, and the sails rounded for there was, as Karlsefni had hoped, a strong following

wind. We passed many icebergs, and I remember one that was like to a great white swan which lingered long upon the horizon as though watching curiously the bright dragons of the sea.

I remember, too, another night when the oars seemed lined with light as they lifted and fell into the water.³

And though with the one exception, the shields all carried the sign of the cross, yet there were many among us who uttered now their prayers to Thor. For, as Thorhall the Hunter declared, men knew not yet how strong the White Christ might prove on the sea, but Thor had been tried and found powerful for many generations. He, it was, who had guided the Vikings to Volland,⁴ to the southern sea by the Blue Land,⁵ and the Land of the Wens,⁶ to England, to Ireland, to Caithness,⁷ to the Faeroes, the Hebrides, and westward even to the land from which we had just sailed, and that other land to which we were going. No people save those who had worshipped Thor had sailed thus with safety to so many places.

³ Phosphorus.

⁴ France.

⁵ The Holy Land.

⁶ A land south of the Baltic Sea.

⁷ In Scotland.

True, said the Hunter, the Greenland priest had recounted miracles of the new god, and one told how he had stilled the waves in a storm, but that was on an inland sea where the waves could not have been over-great, while many such stories could be recounted of the miracles of Thor, the god of the cargoes, on the great sea-ocean, where the waves towered even into the heavens.

And what, argued Thorhall, was one miracle against so many? If Christ had descended into the Christian's Hell, Thor had gone fearlessly into the home of the evil giants. If Christ had caused the fishermen to fill their nets to overflowing with fish, Thor had brought many a cargo through nigh impassable storms. Thor, himself, had led Eric the Red through such a storm to Greenland, and Thorhall had been with him, so he knew the truth whereof he was speaking.

Oft the talk waxed hot and the discussion furious, until Karlsefni must needs quell it with a laugh by saying that he had not been rightly informed when told that Thorhall the Hunter was one who spoke but seldom. So be it his tongue aided in the voyage, Karlsefni was minded to let it run on, but as the men's tempers rose, so that they were on the point of blows, he ordered them to be silent. "Soon enough," ended Karlsefni, "there will be need of the strength of both gods on the voyage."

He spoke truth, for a storm soon came rolling darkly upon us. The waves changed from plains into mountains, into great hissing monsters lifting foaming jaws above the sides of the dragons, daring the bright dragons into a conflict of strength.

The sail from the center mast was quickly removed, and the men of both boats sat quietly at their oars hoping to ride safely through the storm.

The cattle and sheep were terrified and lolled their heads about crying pitifully, for their feet were tied and they were lying helpless on their sides, so that they could not move and in any way add to the difficulties.

Like dashing silver swords came the rain upon us, aye, like a cloud of arrows came the hail, and I wondered whether in truth the old gods were not showing us their anger. The night fell dark and terrible as

we huddled helpless beneath the storm's fury. There was no sound save the roaring of the waves, the skirling of the wind. And when dawn came, but one dragon rode the sea. The boat of Bjarni Grimholfsson and Thorhall Gamliison had disappeared, and for many years we knew not whether it had survived the storm or had been swallowed by the hungry waves.

Yet shall I tell you now what we learned long after, so that you may understand and recount in the sagas how brave a man Bjarni Grimholfsson was, and the manner in which he met his death. It is a tale worth the remembering.

For during the storm his boat was driven far out on the sea, and the storm seemed to follow after him, and would not let the ship go, so for many days and nights the men struggled with it. But at last the dragon won the struggle as they thought, for the storm departed and the dragon still rode the waves.

Yet was their hope in vain, for the dragon had come to a sea which was filled with sea-worms,^a and these ate into the wood of the boat so that the ship began to sink beneath them. Bjarni and Thorhall had with them a small boat which was coated with seal-tar, and this the sea worm does not penetrate. But the boat would hold at the most only half the men, so Bjarni suggested that those who were to go into it be chosen by lot and not by rank.

So accordingly they cast lots and it fell to Bjarni to be among those to go in the boat. Then an Iclander, a lad, who was on the ship, one whom his father had entrusted to Bjarni's care because of his youth, cried out, "Dost thou intend, Bjarni, to forsake me here?"

"It must be thus," answered Bjarni, "for so the lots have fallen."

Then the lad broke into weeping and cried, "When I left Iceland with thee, then didst thou promise my father that we should share the same fate, and that where thou wert, there should I be also."

Bjarni said, "It is evident that now we cannot share the same fate, for so the lots do not indicate. But come hither and take my place in the small boat, for I see thou

^a *Teredo navalis*—a well known enemy to wood-work long exposed to the sea water.

art eager for life, so shall I trade my fate for thine."

Thereupon Bjarni reboarded the sinking ship, and the lad entered the boat, and the men in it pulled their oars and went their way. And at last the boat came to Dublin in Ireland where this tale was told. And it was the belief of most people who heard it that Bjarni and his companions on the ship perished in the maggot-sea, for they were never heard of again.

Such is the tale, but we knew it not then, and we were grieved at the disappearance of our companion ship. There was naught to do, however, but to sail on toward Vineland, hoping that if the ship should outride the storm, it would follow the directions which had been given us by Leif, and join us in the New Land.

Yet had we cause to be thankful that we ourselves had outridden the storm, even though the men still continued to argue as to which god had saved us, until Karlsefni declared such discussion was foolish and must cease. That declaration Thorhall the Hunter did not like, and he grew sulky then and would not talk at all. Though I suspected that his sulkiness in reality was to cover his homesickness, for I noted that though the rest of us looked ever forward toward the west, toward the land to which we were sailing, Thorhall was ever looking backward on the sea, along the path we had come, and a great longing was in his eyes.

Gudrid had taken no part in the discussion as to the strength of the gods, but during the storm her hand lay clasped about the cross, and after we had ridden it out and the sea grew calmer, I saw her press the sapphire to her lips.

Without other great event was our journey, though we passed all the places of which we had heard. In Helluland we saw stones so large that two men could easily have lain end to end on one of them. There we saw Arctic foxes, and on an island we saw a bear. We named the island Bjarni because of that, and also because of Bjarni Grimholfsson, whose boat had disappeared. I thought, too, of that first Bjarni Herjulfsson, who likewise had been lost in a storm, and driven from his course, had been the first Viking to glimpse lands in the west.

Markland to which we came next had

trees tall and stately, such as I have never seen, and beautiful they were to behold.

After we sailed a long time, Harald, with his keen eyesight made out the keel of a ship set up on a ness ahead of us, and he cried out that we were coming to Keelness. Then did all of us look eagerly in that direction, for it seemed marvelous to know that once men from Greenland had been in that place.

Beyond Keelness the strands⁹ were so beautiful and it took so long to sail past them that the men called it Furdustrandir.¹⁰ After we left these strands the country became indented deeply with bays, and we knew that we were near the place where Leif had built his house, but those who had been in the country before were confused, and could not tell us just where that house might now be.

So Karlsefni himself chose a bay and directed the ship toward a firth¹¹ that led down to the sea, and Karlsefni named the place Straumfjord.¹²

"Now," said he, "let us carry the cargoes ashore, for here we will stay for a time and explore the country."

He looked anxiously toward Gudrid as he spoke, and I knew that he intended to remain in this place until Gudrid's child should be born. And I was glad, for tired we all were and hungered also, for our supplies had not proven sufficient. And I knew that Gudrid, beyond all others, had need of rest and food. So we beached the ships, and Karlsefni was first down the gangplank, and in his arms he carried Gudrid, but he set her feet first on the earth, so that it should come to pass as he had once said on a cliff in Greenland, that she should be the first of his company to step forth into Vineland the Good.

Gudrid stood still overcome with the beauty of the place to which she had journeyed, and marvelous indeed was it to behold. For beyond the bay stood trees so tall they seemed to reach into the very heavens, and so close were their trunks together that at first I wondered how men could walk between them. They were in festive attire for our coming, in bright scarlets and crimsons, in golds and browns,

⁹ Beaches.

¹⁰ Wonder beaches.

¹¹ Stream or wood.

¹² The fjord of currents.

until it seemed that all the color of the world had been gathered in their branches to welcome us.

The stream beneath them cut like a silver sword the banks of the land asunder, and the brooks which fed it were scattered like linking chains thrown carelessly over the dale.

All about was grass, dry and brown, but plentiful beyond what I had ever thought was possible. We led our cattle down the planks on trembling legs, and over to the bounty that awaited them. And they stood hip-deep on the forage and stared at it as though they thought themselves dreaming and feared to taste lest the dream vanish before them. But after the first mouthful they fell to eating with such gusto that it was amazing to see. While our bull suddenly paused and throwing up his head belowed as though saluting the land with a heavy trumpet.

It would have been well for us could we also have eaten the grass, for we were worn from our journey and weak to the point of illness. And because we knew not how to find out the bounty of the land, for a time we fared poorly.

Our men were so worn they could scarce drag one foot after another. And the sea, on which we thought to depend for food, failed us, and no fish would it yield for our taking.

Thorhall the Hunter had he been able could have found game, for it was said of him that never had he yet failed to bring in food from the hunt, but he was the weakest of all and he lay on the beach moaning and talking in his beard. When I drew near to him I heard that he was speaking of Thor, and scoffing at the tale someone had told him concerning the White Christ who had provided five thousand with food though he had but a few small fishes and some small bits of bread. Yet in another moment, his mind wandered elsewhere and I heard him speaking of Leif concerning the ale.

Then did I kneel by him and asked if he wished he were back at Brattahlid.

The old man's eyes filled and the tears ran down his cheeks as he said, "Aye, never should I have left it, for I am too old for journeying, and of no assistance to anyone. Besides, Thor is displeased that I have surrounded myself with Christians." Then he

smote weakly on the ground with his fist and cried out, "But I shall show them yet that the Red Beard is far greater than the new god."

I did not dispute him, only patted his shoulder a little helplessly before I left him. He asked of Gudrid and her strength. That I did not answer for Gudrid was now so weak and ill that we all feared for her life and that of the child within her.

Our hunger pains were increasing and our little store of strength was ebbing fast when the storms came, one after the other, and during them some of the men died. It looked as though we should all perish in this New Land, this land which had promised so much and toward whose shores we had long sailed—this Vineland the Good.

And then one morning Thorhall the Hunter was gone. We could see the tracks in the sand whence he had dragged himself off on his knees, but of him we could see nothing.

Siegfred and Harald were the strongest and Karlsefni sent them to find him if possible, while he continued the digging for shell fish and such things as he might find, which would give Gudrid a little strength. All of us must fend for ourselves but Karlsefni thought only of Gudrid.

"What will happen to us?" I asked Gudrid in sudden dismay as I went to her side where she lay in a little shelter Karlsefni had raised over her.

Gudrid whispered, for she could not speak aloud, "All will be well in a little while, Sigrid. Pray, pray to the White Christ, and he it is who will aid us."

She asked for Thorhall, and I dared not tell her he was lost, neither that day nor the next, though I think she sensed somewhat was wrong with him, for once she whispered, "He will sometime learn in which God to trust, though I think the learning will be difficult."

In my secret heart I was hoping that Thorhall might, after all be right, and that he would find some way of turning the attention of Thor toward our plight. So hungered was I, and so concerned with my sister's weakness, that I cared not at the moment whether the White Christ or the Red Beard provided the food, so that it be obtained and that quickly.

It was Harald who caught sight of the Huntsman the next day. He was lying on a

high crag which projected into the sky. It was a difficult place to reach, and Siegfred was the first to scale the sides. There he found the old man flat on his back, looking at the sky above him, mumbling between swollen lips.

"Why and how have you come here?" asked Siegfred.

"That concerns no one," answered Thorhall the Hunter. "I am older than you and have long been accustomed to caring for myself."

"Be that as it may," said Siegfred, "come back to the camp with us now, for we have need of the wisdom of thy age."

"That do I think, also, and of the strength of my god," answered Thorhall, raising himself with much groaning and whining. But finally he was on his feet, and Harald, who by that time had found an easier way to the crag-top, put himself on one side and Siegfred on the other, and so on the fourth day they brought him back to the camp.

But after his return Thorhall was surly and would speak to none of us. He sat by himself all day and when the men came back to the booths they had fashioned for themselves from branches of the firs, after having sought in vain through the storm for food, the Hunter suddenly laughed aloud and told us not to be concerned, that we should have plenty in the morning.

And indeed the sun was barely up before we were wakened by his calling, and we staggered forth to learn the reason. The storm had ceased and the morning was fair, and there on the beach before us lay a great whale which had been washed up during the darkness by the sea. It was alive and floundering about, and the men shot their spears and arrows into it and captured it and stripped the skin from it.

It was a strange sort of whale, such as none among us had ever seen, and no one could tell what manner of whale it might be. But the men cut off great hunks of flesh and set about preparing it for eating, and all of us were thankful for it.

I would have hastened with a piece of the meat as soon as it was boiled to Gudrid, but Karlsefni turned me aside, saying she was sleeping, though I noted that his voice shook, but thought it was but from weariness and hunger.

Karlsefni saw that all of us were served, and then he made the sign of the cross over

the last piece of meat he lifted from the kettle.

At that sign, Thorhall the Hunter suddenly stood up and said, "Aye, make the sign if you will, but it were more grateful of you did you make the sign of the hammer, for the Red Beard himself provided this dish. Truly now he has proved himself more helpful than your Christ, and none gave *him* even a small fish or a kernel of grain out of which to fashion this whale to feed you."

"Aye, I saw that you prayed to the White One, and when day after day passed and your god gave you no answer, then did I go off by myself, and made some verses for Thor. And he, who is always trustworthy, and who has seldom failed me, was pleased with what I did, as you can all testify, for he cast this whale on the beach for your eating."

At these words, Karlsefni threw his meat untasted into the sea, crying, "If this whale is of Thor, then shall we not eat it, but will make our appeals to Christ. For verily, Gudrid declares, he has brought us to this land and he will not fail us."

The others for the most part followed Karlsefni's example, but some ate, and those who ate were afterward all very ill. Save for Freydis, and though she ate the heartiest of all, yet did she suffer no pain. But the Hunter was ill and knew not what to make concerning it.

And scarce had the whale been thrown in the sea than Vidgis Sugrënsdattar came running to Karlsefni, crying, "Come quickly, for Gudrid, thy wife is delivered of a son."

Karlsefni hurried to the booth, while Snorri Thorbrandsson, his friend, took up his spear, saying, "Now indeed must we have food, and if this land holds it, then let my luck come to my aid, for I seek 'till I find this day."

I was not suffered to follow Karlsefni to the place where my sister lay, for the shelter over her was small and Gudrid had great need now to rest. But I saw Karlsefni come out from the booth with the child wrapped in his cloak, as he had lifted it from the earth, and thereby, as the custom is, claiming it as his own.

"To the spring, Sigrid," he said, but his voice was deep with feeling and his eyes were large and wondering, "To the spring,



for Gudrid would have this our son baptized in the ancient manner, since there are no priests in Vineland the Good."

So I followed at Karlsefni's side, and the rest that were with us came close after, and Karlsefni knelt on one knee and unfolded his cloak, and there lay a child, strong and healthy, who let out a tremendous cry as his father sprinkled the cold water upon him, saying, "I christen thee, Snorri."

For that was the name of Karlsefni's father, and no sooner were the words spoken than Snorri Thorbrandsson was come out of the woods beside us, his hands all bloody, and he leaned over Karlsefni's shoulder and watched smilingly as Karlsefni bestowed his own finger-ring upon the child, slipping it over the little wrist as a namefastening.

Then did Snorri Thorbrandsson dip his own bloody fingers in the spring and flick an additional drop upon the baby, saying that in addition to the luck of Karlsefni did he bestow his own luck upon his namesake. And at that Karlsefni was greatly pleased.

"Now indeed are my son's feet well placed," cried he proudly, "until such time

as he shall make his own luck." Yet was he more pleased when Snorri Thorbrandsson returned to the wood and brought in the great deer he had shot scarce twenty paces from the camp.

And verily from that hour was our luck changed, for the weather was fair and both the sea and the land yielded us food in plenty. One of the Vineland cattle calved that day and the calf was named the property of the baby Snorri as a birth gift. Karlsefni bestowed his sword, Fearless, upon the small one; for the sons of great men, he declared, must receive weapons at their birth.

Gudrid was well content at what had been done.

And after the child was born, Karlsefni and his men went further up the stream until they came to a lake, and there Karlsefni and his men built their houses and prepared for the winter.

It was well that they did so for the houses were scarce up than the winter was upon them, and the season brought troubles for which we were ill prepared.

(To be continued)

Politics a Primary Avocation

WILLIAM E. MOSHER

This article is contributed through the courtesy of the Committee on National Defense Through Patriotic Education. Dr. Mosher is the Dean of the Maxwell School of Citizenship and Public Affairs of the Syracuse University

"THE need today is not for men and women who are ready to bleed and die for their country, but for those who can solve its problems." The future stability and progress of democracy inevitably depend upon the active participation in civic and political affairs of the better-schooled and thereby the more privileged class of society. It is unfortunately true, however, that the members of this presumably abler and more intelligent class of people are prone to deal with their public obligations and responsibilities in a perfunctory manner, if indeed they do not fail to recognize them as duties.

The typical boy and girl graduate from high school, as well as the typical young man and woman graduate from the college campus, have been so conditioned both in school and out that they look upon politics as a messy business and one with which they will have little to do. As a consequence, we find that the great majority of people who have had special educational advantages are accustomed to content themselves, so far as their political responsibilities go, with merely voting on election day. Many of them vote without enthusiasm. They frequently complain that they do not have opportunity to vote for suitable candidates. They may roundly condemn the actions and activities of their elected representatives, whether in the city council, the state legislature, or the Congress. They berate public administration as inefficient and wasteful, but apparently they do not conceive of the possibility that they have any responsibility or any opportunity to see to it that more worthy representatives are sent to our legislative halls and that well-qualified officials carry on the day by day business of government.

In their indifference to if not ignorance of party controls, these good people overlook the importance of primary elections at which party representatives are selected.

The records show that only a minority of registered voters participate in the primaries and any interested observer knows that such voters are largely "insiders" who know full well what they are supposed to do. But anyone who gives thought to the matter cannot fail to appreciate that in the long run primaries are much more important than the regular elections themselves.

Not long ago an influential citizen in one of our large cities said to the county leader that he had always been a loyal member of the dominant party, but that "he hated to have to hold his nose when he went to the polls." This worthy citizen evidently little appreciated that as a sovereign citizen it was within his power to do something about such a situation, and that in a going Democracy he definitely shared in the responsibility for the type of nominees proposed by his party. He probably failed to understand that a very small minority, under good leadership, may exert a determining influence on the type of nominees whose names appear on the primary ballot. In all probability he had no practical understanding of the primary, the machinery whereby party representatives are selected.

It is generally believed that the schools and colleges have failed in one of their basic responsibilities, namely, to prepare young men and women for a sense of their personal responsibility to make of politics a primary avocation, to bring home to them that the franchise involves not only a privilege and a right, but that it also carries with it a definite responsibility which requires the expenditure of time and personal effort.

A few weeks ago the writer's attention was called to a man who, on graduating from college, had determined to devote an hour a day or its equivalent to his community. He started in at the bottom of the political ladder, serving as a poll watcher. He then moved to the position of district committeeman. He influenced some of his

friends and acquaintances who were representative of the community to run in the primary, to the end that the district committee might more satisfactorily represent the district involved. He joined his efforts with others to bring about the establishment of a spacious and beautiful park in the environs of the city. He was identified with a group which laid the foundation and super-structure of a leading university, starting with almost nothing. This man represents to my mind the type of citizen which ought to be the normal rather than the unusual output of our educational system.

As I conceive it, we have accepted the rights and privileges of living in a democratic country as an inheritance, but we have signally failed in so training young people that they understand that this is an inestimable good which cannot simply be inherited and taken for granted. Like other values, if it is to be preserved, it must be preserved through personal effort. In fact a going democracy is an active partnership, while to most of us it is a most passive affair. If we fail to inform and stimulate our young people to appreciate the importance of making politics their proper avocation, we have failed to maintain the bulwarks upon which a permanent democracy rests. Some years ago a road contractor, when asked how soon after a highway was opened it was necessary to send out a maintenance crew, replied, "The next day". So it is with democracy. A maintenance crew must be operating throughout the years in cities, villages, and hamlets of the country if this huge machine of government is to run smoothly, and is to be in a condition to meet the strains and stresses that are piling up as time goes on.

As one reviews the textbooks used in the schools and colleges, whether in civics or government courses, many of them being as arid as the desert; as one considers the fear of teachers to come to grips with the political and economic realities of their place and time in the instruction of their pupils; as one observes the prevailing cynicism concerning the political game on the part of these same teachers and instructors, it is not surprising that students vote courses in civics a bore, and graduate from their educational experience with a conviction that

politics are a mess and that they will have nothing to do with them.

There is no doubt but that our educational institutions have accepted as their mandate the education of young people for good citizenship. There is no doubt as to the availability of stimulating and interesting material, or as to the possibility of making the study of civics and government one of the most vital and even exciting subjects in the whole curriculum. But if we are to judge these institutions by their results, there is hardly any question as to the failure of the system to make good on its promissory note to the public.

As we live in a democracy, we must train people to accept not alone their responsibility to participate actively, but also to participate democratically. The latter postulate involves giving due consideration to the rights of the other fellow and of the other party. This means inevitably a conflict of rights. It calls not alone for toleration and open-mindedness, but also insight, that is, the capacity to see a problem from all sides and angles. But beyond this it requires the capacity to develop a solution in a constructive way. There is no form of government that demands trained intelligence as much as the democratic form. If one is to attempt to solve problems involving conflicts of rights, he must have the ability to think straight and to think constructively. Probably never before in the history of this country has there been so sore a need of constructively minded people as during the present decade.

Since its establishment in 1924 as an integral part of the Liberal Arts College of Syracuse University, the Maxwell School of Citizenship and Public Affairs has had as its principal objective the training and preparation of students to meet the duties and obligations of citizenship. The freshman course, required of some six or seven hundred students, has been organized under the title, *Introduction To Responsible Citizenship*. Its goals may be briefly summarized as the development of social awareness, and secondly, the development of insight. In working toward the latter goal it has been our practice to submit to the students several key, and more or less continuing, social and political problems. We do not aim to offer cut and dried solutions,

but rather to guide the students to an understanding of what is involved in the problem selected, giving them arguments and the facts pro and con, and then we put it up to them to debate the issue and to defend such solutions as appeal to them. This course serves to make students aware of their own stereotypes and partisan attitudes, as well as those of others. It serves to promote habits of approaching problems democratically, and it challenges their capacity for constructive intelligence. It seems to us much more important to arouse intellectual interest and to lay the groundwork for democratic attitudes than to offer solutions of current problems concerning which the members of the teaching staff themselves may not be in agreement. The keynote of the course may therefore be summarized as social awareness, insight, and responsibility for participation in community affairs. This keynote applies not alone to the freshman course, but in one manner or another to all of the work offered in the School.

Apart from the freshman course the School provides a broad program in political science and government and supports subjects having a bearing upon good citizenship in other social science fields, courses in American and English history, public finance and taxation, sociology, social ethics and political philosophy. According to the conviction that citizenship involves all of

man's relations with other men, it has seemed desirable to introduce what may be called the citizenship emphasis into these various branches of the college curriculum. Some 1500 or 1600 students, graduate and undergraduate, are therefore enrolled in courses which are supported by the School and offered under its general auspices. An effort is made to bring home to the students that whatever his social, business or professional interests may be, human values are involved and that his behavior should be such that human values will be conserved. Our aim, thus, is to make each generation of students socially conscious and, beyond this, appreciative of the responsibility of looking upon politics as the principal avocation of each and every democratic citizen.

In the corridor of the Maxwell School stands the famous Houdon statue of George Washington, the symbol of citizenship, and on the wall above are words from the oath of Athenian youth:

"We will ever strive for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many; we will unceasingly seek to quicken the sense of public duty; we will revere and obey the city's laws; we will transmit this city not only not less, but greater, better and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us."



THE GIRLS' DORMITORY OF NORTHLAND COLLEGE IN ASHLAND, WISCONSIN. "NORTHLAND" IS ONE OF THE SEVENTEEN SCHOOLS APPROVED BY THE NATIONAL SOCIETY, DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Genealogy as a Hobby

EMILY WATSON

A FEW years ago the whole pattern of my life changed. Life, that had been a bright, warm fire, turned to ashes. I lived from day to day in a vague borderland of indifference and despair. I could still work but when work was done, there was nothing else. And then I began to hear about hobbies. All my friends united in saying to me each time we met, "You should have a hobby." Finally, largely to show my appreciation of their concern for me, I consented to investigate hobbies.

But I could find no hobby I wanted to adopt and take into my life. I did not want to crowd my home with a collection of china, of clocks, of period furniture, or even of first editions. It must be something in harmony with a slim purse, something I could keep in a small place, something that would not burden me with the necessity of constant care.

One day, while sorting some old letters that had belonged to my grandfather and my great-grandfather, I had an inspiration. I would collect my ancestors. It was a heaven-sent inspiration. I could not break ancestors; I would not have to dust them; I would not even polish them, however great the temptation; no chance for them to crowd me out of house and home and I could go away for weeks and months on end and not have to worry over their safety. An ideal hobby for me!

Have you a hobby? Have you ever thought of genealogy as one? Your own genealogy? Re-creating the men and women of your family who first came to America, dressing them in the clothing they wore when they stepped ashore from the vessel that brought them here, trying to see what they saw then and speculating on what must have been in their minds.

It does not matter when your family became American. The background for a change of nationality will make an interesting starting point for research, regardless of the date. But let us assume that your first American ancestor landed, say in Virginia in the 17th Century, since mine did

and I can go on best from that point. You know his name, you have some old letters or mementoes, not back that far possibly, but old enough to afford a clue for starting the work of finding him. Being Virginian by descent, though your grandfather, great-grandfather or even your great-great-grandfather may have pulled up stakes and settled in Kentucky, Missouri, or perhaps where you now see the sun set over the Pacific at your door, you have family traditions. You know the one whose initials are on the old sugar tongs (the proud one who never let her heels touch the ground); you know the one who drank too much; that this one wrote the letter to Patrick Henry; that one contributed the Glebe lands to the Parish; another said so-and-so to Grandfather when he was a little boy—grandfather with his white hair and beard, dead so long ago.

What could be more fascinating, if you are at all interested in such things, than to take a notebook and start work. Scientists re-create prehistoric animals piecemeal—a tooth here, a footprint there, fossil remains yonder. How much more exciting to re-create your own flesh and blood, to trace the footprints of men and women back, back, to the first step on the shore where the ship that bore them came to anchor. As one who has experienced it, I can assure you there is no thrill comparable to getting on the trail and keening down the wind until such definite evidence appears that you can visualize your man.

Suppose you find him in jail. Or in disgrace. As one who has eagerly sought the truth always, I can assure you it just does not matter. Once I called a fellow-enthusiast and triumphantly announced that I had found an ancestor who had been hanged. He was somewhat shocked but I was enjoying the greatest thrill of my search. The ancestor, a leader in Bacon's Rebellion, was hanged by Berkeley, becoming the first American martyr, since he was the only native-born American among those who suffered execution. Of all the men I have

endeavored to re-create, he has come to life the most completely and he fills my soul with pride. The only favor he asked was that he be shot like a soldier, not hanged like a dog. And Berkeley's List in the British Museum describes him as a "Valiant, Stout man" and "a most resolved Rebel." For the more human touch, a quaint old chronicle gives this reason for his capture when others escaped—"Although a son of Mars, he did sometimes worship at the Shrine of Venus." The language is not modern, but the situation seems to have been, for, although a married man, he was taken prisoner at the home of a widow.

I might not have minded the hanging anyhow after all these years. It would have been so different. And if you have read many genealogical accounts by devoted descendants, you will know what I mean. So, if you find one in jail, or even hanged, as this progenitor of mine was, take comfort. No doubt you, too, will find extenuating circumstances and, a century or two having elapsed, he will stand out a shining star in your galaxy of ancestors.

Printed records having failed you, you will learn how to search the records of old counties, old and dusty records, and you will hunt a tombstone as zealously as ever gold miner hunted the mother lode. Deeds, wills, marriage records, death records, parish registers—all are grist for your mill. No one ever finds enough to satisfy him and no one can imagine the thrills of exultation or the feeling of desolation accompanying the ups and downs of the search. And there is no danger of waking up some morning to find you have exhausted the supply of forebears. You, yourself, have sixteen great-great-grandparents. That is only four generations back. Double it for each preceding generation and see what you have. You will never lack for new material though the early practice of marriages with cousins cuts it down and will save space when you start to make your charts.

But I mean real forebears. Let's not join the countless thousands of Americans who strut a shadowy claim of descent from William the Conqueror. William the Conqueror! The illegitimate son of a washer-woman and a petty noble—robber, ma-

rauder, oppressor and wholesale murderer! What an ambition for a citizen of a cherished democracy. Perhaps it is the extreme backswing of the pendulum. For after the Revolution, so great was the hatred for all things English, that no one seemed to wish to recall his English descent. My great-grandfather's Bible, published in Philadelphia shortly after our nation was founded, contains a frontispiece by the printer apologizing for the use of the term "King James" Version. And with the decided turn of thought to the left in Jefferson's time, there seems to have been a fixed determination to break away from all early family tradition, particularly aristocratic tradition.

But while many things are gone—with the wind—in our new machine-powered civilization, modern science tells us that our ancestors remain within us. Perhaps it is one among them who rises up and forces us into battle, though we loathe war—forces us to deeds of generosity foreign to the promptings of our reasoning—or, sadly enough, forces us to walk the low road when we long for the high. Then why not study them so that, knowing them, we may learn to know ourselves.

Once you are an enthusiast, don't think you can take it or leave it. Pretty soon you find yourself in correspondence with people of whose existence you had never dreamed. It seems incredible, despite our knowledge of the size of early families, that one man could have so many descendants, or that they could be so widely scattered and of such varying fortune. You write letters to them. You receive letters from them. If they live in the South or West, they invite you for a visit. And how delightful it would be to accept, to spend days comparing notes and traditions. Sometimes you find a very early portrait. And perhaps you find a long-sought Bible. Too bad! Some of the record pages have been torn out. And then you learn from another source, how long before the Civil War, a winter church fair was held in the small Missouri town six miles from great-grandfather's home and old relics exhibited. And how the bitter winter weather closed the roads for weeks and, when the Bible was finally reclaimed, some of its pages were missing.

Ah, now is a chance for some intensive

work! You get in touch with people of that community. You advertise in the local paper. Shortly someone searching through old papers, brings one of the missing pages to light, and there is the link that has been missing so long. And *can* you show up some genealogist who has taken too much for granted and printed without proper proof! Somehow in the searching you learn to distrust all the findings of those who have preceded you along your path. Perhaps because they have not had your private records and stores of family tales.

Fun! Indeed it is. And there is more to it than that. You grow in the growth of your country and, counting by generations, you realize how very young we really are. You get a new perspective because you start with the country in swaddling clothes, you see it grow, see it weaned and watch its struggles in early youth. Its history merges with your family history and becomes your own personal adventure. You cross the mountain, having finished with Indian struggles and the Revolution, you conquer the new wilderness, you drive the ox-carts and wagons through to new lands. Perhaps you even cross the Plains with your ancestor. You need not call it genealogy. You can call it research work. Or adventure in family history. But you will see your country with new eyes and a new kind of pride in its achievements will take supreme possession of you.

But, should you decide on this, my

hobby, remember one thing. If you wish to be popular, nay more, if you wish to be tolerated, by your friends and acquaintances, never, never talk about your hobby. On consideration, that is one drawback connected with it, a serious one if you are an expansive soul and love to talk of what interests you. The only person with whom you may discuss genealogy is another genealogist. And even then you must be a rapid talker and able to head him off or he will not listen to a word you say. On the contrary, he will bore you with his own individual findings. But you can enjoy it when you are alone. I find I can, having tried in vain to share my joy with others. And some day, to insure myself the pleasure of one uninterrupted telling of the tale, I shall write an account on my adventure in ancestry and have it published.

For me life is no longer a sea of apathy and despair. My mind is crowded with stimulating ideas all the time, for I have warmed to all ideas, being quickened by my hobby. And now it is I who preach, "You should have a hobby." When life slows down and time hangs heavily on your hands, you should have a hobby. When you find yourself interested in nothing but your business, carrying its details constantly in your mind, you should have a hobby. When misfortune comes and the old paths you walked in happiness are closed, you should have a hobby. I give you mine—with a toast to Good Hunting.

Jelled

ESTHER BERGMAN NAREY

*Flout the fading autumn
Winter's storms as well,
Here's a bit of summer
In a glass of jell!
Hours of berry picking
Then cooking till it's done
Fragrant homemade jelly
Hardens in the sun.*

GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT



LUE REYNOLDS SPENCER

Genealogical Editor and Reference Consultant

MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Genealogical Extension Service

IN response to requests from our readers for helpful suggestions in compiling family records, we shall from time to time give references that may serve as bases for further research.

Our advice always, is that the individual first attempt to do her own research. Do not try to collect everything that is to be had on the surname and then try to fasten the record on some well known individual of the same name. Follow your own lineage according to an outline or chart from yourself through your parents, grandparents, great grandparents and so on, giving their dates and consecutive residences. This is the only satisfactory or reliable procedure. Accept nothing that cannot be proven by vital statistics, wills, deeds, and other official records. Family tradition is usually based upon fact but it cannot be relied upon until supported by evidence.

All sources of information should be explored, such as family letters, correspondence with different relatives, town and county histories, etc.; newspaper accounts of funerals, especially those of rural communities, often give extensive family data. Undertakers' files are a seldom-sought source of information. We have on file in our Library several volumes of mortuary records of persons who died during the year ending June 30, 1850. These give the name, age, state of birth and cause of death. Those of Georgia and Tennessee arranged by counties are especially helpful.

Many localities are establishing genealogical departments in the public libraries. This should be encouraged. The twelve census schedules of 1790 should be among the first reference books acquired and the cost of \$1.00 per volume is negligible when one considers the world of information that each contains. Our D. A. R. Lineage Books, especially the later publications, as well as those of other patriotic societies with lineage requirements for membership, contain excellent material for research.

Bear in mind always that cooperation is the keynote of success in every undertaking.

The purpose of the Genealogical Extension Service is to encourage the collection and compilation of family records while these are available and to give to those who are unable to visit headquarters the benefit of our D. A. R. Library, which is becoming indeed, a fitting memorial to the men and women who "Made and preserved us a Nation."

The collection of Virginia records in our library includes the wonderful Virginia Historical Index by E. G. Swen, Librarian of the William and Mary College (1934) consisting of two volumes and 1,181 pages.

Virginia Magazine, 45 Volumes.

William and Mary Quarterly, 17 Volumes, First Series.

William and Mary Quarterly, 17 Volumes, Second Series.

Tyler's Historical Magazine, 19 Volumes.
Henning's Statutes.

*Chalkley's Abstracts of Court Records of Augusta County, 3 Volumes.

* * * * *

Revolutionary War Records by Gaius Marcus Brumbaugh (1936) which contains Bounty Land Warrants for Virginia, Military District of Ohio, etc.
Kegley's Virginia Frontier 1740-1783 (1938), 2 Volumes. These contain worlds of information regarding the little-known Virginia and the now West Virginia.

Annals of South-West Virginia by Summers.

Soldiers of 1776 by Burgess.

Torrence's Index of Wills and Administrations recorded in the Local Courts of Virginia, 1632-1800. Many county histories, compilations of marriage records, etc.

There are, however, very few unpublished records such as marriages, wills, deeds, etc., that other states are sending to our library.

Virginia is known historically as the "Mother of Presidents." Genealogically it should be known as the "Father of Families," for most of the settlers of North Carolina, South Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Southern Ohio, and the Great South West had their origin in Virginia. Many of these records are yet available and should be copied.

* * * * *

We frequently have requests for names of those who served on Washington's Staff. The following from 1898 Notes and Queries, that valuable contribution to unpublished records by William Henry Egle, M.D., M.A., we give:

Thomas Mifflin, Pa., general orders, July 2, 1775.

Joseph Reed, Pa., general orders, July 4, 1775.

John Trumbull, secretary, Conn., general orders, July 27, 1775.

Edmund Randolph, Va., general orders, August 15, 1775.

* These are perfect genealogical gold mines arranged for publication by our own Mary S. Lockwood.

George Baylor, Va., general orders, August 15, 1775.

Robert Hanson Harrison, Va., secretary, general orders, November 6, 1775.

Stephen Moylan, Pa., general orders, March 6, 1776.

William Palfrey, Mass., general orders, March 6, 1776.

Caleb Gibbs, Mass., general orders, May 16, 1776.

George Lewis, Va., general orders, May 16, 1776.

Richard Cary, Va., general orders, June 21, 1776.

Samuel Blackley Webb, Conn., general orders, June 21, 1776.

Alexander Contee Hanson, Md., asst. secretary, general orders, June 21, 1776.

William Grayson, Va., general orders, August 24, 1776.

P. Pennet, by brevet, Journals of Congress, general orders, October 14, 1776.

John Fitzgerald, Va., signed as aid, general orders, January, 1777.

George Johnston, Va., general orders, March 1, 1777.

John Walker, N. C., general orders, February 19, 1777.

Alexander Hamilton, N. Y., general orders, January 20, 1777.

Richard Kidder Meade, Va., general orders, January 12, 1777.

Peter Presly Thornton, Va., general orders, September 6, 1777.

John Laurens, S. C., general orders, September 6, 1777, October 6, 1777.

James McHenry, asst. secretary, Pa., May 15, 1778.

Tench Tilghman, Pa., general orders, June 21, 1780.

David Humphrey, Conn., general orders, June 23, 1780.

Richard Varick, secretary at headquarters, letter of Washington to Varick, N. Y., May 28, 1781.

Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., secretary, Conn., general orders, June 8, 1781.

David Cobb, Mass., general orders, June 15, 1781.

Peregrine Fitzhugh, Va., general orders, July 2, 1781.

William Stephens Smith, N. Y., general orders, July 6, 1781.

Benjamin Walker, N. Y., general orders, January 25, 1782.

Hodijah Baylies, Mass., general orders, May 14, 1782.

* * * * *

Our interest in the organization of family associations seems to be having the desired effect from the many letters of interest and appreciation we received. We are particularly interested in a copy of the *Schwenksville Item*, Pennsylvania, of August 25, 1938, in which are listed the annual reunions of the Grater, Walters, Hartman, Rogers, Garber, Harley, Price, Hallman, Boyer, Groff, and Gottschalk families. Names of many descendants are therein listed. In no better way can interest in family history be encouraged.

* * * * *

Our request for a completely filled genealogical chart to be published in our Magazine has met with a response that will require a committee to select the winner. Many beautiful charts have been filed. The competition will close February 1. The winning chart will be published in the April Magazine and all charts will be placed on display during the D. A. R. Congress. Only those charts that are completely filled can be considered. Fine printing that will photograph clearly is suggested. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the lower left hand corner.

Queries and Answers

QUERIES must be submitted in duplicate, typed or written double spaced on separate slips of paper and limited to sixty words. Name and address of sender will be published unless otherwise requested. Unsigned queries, indicated by * * *, desire no correspondence so letters cannot be forwarded by this department. Queries received since June 1, 1938, will be acknowledged and published as soon as possible if above rules are observed. Unpublished queries may be re-submitted. Answers to queries are solicited.

QUERIES

K-'38. Sollers-Sharpe.—Wanted ancestors and parentage of Alice Sollers, b. 8-29-1785, mar. Adlai Sharpe, 1-14-1806, d. 11-20-1850, Fayetteville, Tenn.—Mrs. Jefferson Davis Sandefer, Hardin-Simmons University, Abilene, Texas.

K-'38. Rigsby.—My great-grandfather, William Edward Rigsby moved from

Orange Co., N. C. to West Tenn. in 1832, settled in Gibson Co.; d. 1863, had six children, Jack, James Edward, Gilly, Sallie, Becky and another mar. a Cryder. James E. Rigsby mar. Harriet Lucretia Cole Nov. 13, 1836; had four boys and four girls. Want information regarding William Edward Rigsby.—Mrs. J. Tadlock, 2424 Lakeshore Drive, Shreveport, Louisiana.

K-'38. Wilkins.—Who were the parents of William Wilkins of Annapolis, Church Warden of St. Ann's 1738, will prob. 3-30-1735; mar. April 19, 1735 to Deborah (Maccubbin) Palmer, widow of Nathaniel Palmer? Where was this William Wilkins born?—Mrs. Edward W. Cooch, Cooch's Bridge, Newark, Delaware.

K-'38. Hurd.—Nancy, dau. of John and Nancy Martin Boyd b. 1801 in Nicholas Co., Ky.; mar. (1) Nathan Hurd, native of Bath Co., Ky. Her first child Eveline was b. in Nicholas Co. in 1819. Second child—was a son. 1822 Nancy was mar. a second time and emigrated to Ind. Wanted information about Nathan Hurd.—Miss Mae Kern, 30 North Eighth St., West Terre Haute, Ind.

K-'38. Gump.—I want to trace the father of William Gump, believe he was John; wife Mayrey; ch. Benjamin, Elias, William, Rosanna, Jonathan and Elizabeth. John lived in Frederick Co., Md. 1790; d. 1797; will on file. Wanted information on the Gump or Fox families.—Eva M. Armstrong, 714 Ave. E., Fort Madison, Iowa.

K-'38. Richardson - Rawlings.—Wanted parents and Rev. ancestor of Laurana Richardson, who mar. Francis Rawlings, of A. A. Co., Md., bapt. Sept. 11, 1716, d. Jan. 17, 1794.—Mrs. E. W. Cooch, Cooch's Bridge, Newark, Delaware.

K-'38. (a) Marshall - Power.—Wanted parentage of and all possible information about Grizel (Grizelda) Marshall, wife of Samuel Power, Rev. soldier of Cumberland Co., Pa. and the mother of William, Samuel, John, Alexander, Mary b. Aug. 1874 and mar. Henry Lightner of Perry Co., Pa., and Anne b. 1875 mar. John Cree of Perry Co., Pa.

K-'38. (b) Cree.—Wanted information about the birth, residence, marriage, death of Robert Cree who served in Cumberland Co., Pa. Militia in Capt. James

Fisher's Co., 1780 and 1782. Also the maiden name, birth, and death of his wife and the names of their children and their wives or husbands.—Mrs. W. J. Day, Huntsville, Mo.

K-38. (a) Pierce-Salisbury.—Who was Patience Pierce, m. in Swansea, Mass. Nov. 28, 1765 to Martin Salisbury, Jr. of Cranston, R. I.

K-38. (b) Burnham.—Who was Mary (Polly) Burnham, b. Hartford, Conn. Aug. 1741 mar. in Somers, Conn. 5/26/1768, Jeriah Swetland.—Mrs. Walter K. Adams, 1115 West 31st St., Minneapolis, Minn.

K-38. Arnold.—Wanted information concerning ancestry of William Arnold, of Benton Co., Tenn., later of Bibb Co., Ala., later of Oktibbeha Co., Miss. Mar. Elizabeth Majors in Bibb Co., Ala., 1824. Ch. Sarah J., b. 1825; Elizabeth Ellen, b. 1826; John M., b. 1828; James W., b. 1830; Mary Ann, b. 1832; William W., b. 1834; Williams Meredith, b. 1835; Fernanders Nathaniel, b. 1838; Felix M., b. 1841.—(Mrs.) Katie Arnold Smith, 503 Mamie St., Hattiesburg, Miss.

K-38. (a) Pratt.—Descendants of children of Benajah and Johnathan Pratt, sons of Joshua of Plymouth wanted. Have reason to believe that James, who was in Rochester, Mass. about 1708 was one, had three brothers, Elisha, David and Johnathan. Children of James were: Elisha, James, Johnathan, David, Elizabeth, Hannah and Thankful. Was he the same James who married Frances Combs of Rochester in 1727?

K-38. (b) Fletcher.—Information wanted concerning Nathan Fletcher who married Lucy Elwell of Gloucester, Mass. 1733. Was supposed to be a sea captain. Possibly a brother of John Fletcher who was a judge in Boston, do not know the date. Nathan had: Lucy, Elizabeth, Nathan, John, James. Was Nathan Fletcher who lived in Charlton, Mass. one of same family?—Julia H. Post, Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S. C.

K-38. Bramlet - Gough.—Wanted Revolutionary record of Henry Bramblett, Bramlet, Bromlet; name of first wife and would also like to locate will. Married Gladas Gough in Fauquier County, Virginia, 1785. Lived in Laurens County,

South Carolina, 1790. Drew land in Elbert County, Georgia, in 1806-07. Was Margaret Bramblett who married William Gober, Jr., and had son Henry Bramblett Gober, his daughter? * * *

K-38. (a) Harrison.—Want parentage and information concerning Trent E. Harrison, born Va. 1801. Owned land in Dinwiddie Co. Married first to widow, Anna Elizabeth Dyer, nee Mitchell, then to Mary Clark in 1843.

K-38. (b) Mitchell.—Want information concerning Col. John Mitchell. His wife, Anna E. H. Mitchell (born 1765, died 1835) lived in Charleston, S. Carolina, and is thought to have been a widow named Mercer. Would like to correspond with descendants.—Mrs. B. B. Crowe, 336 N. Dowling, San Benito, Texas.

K-38. Trego.—Wanted any information concerning ancestors of John Trego, married Arrilla —. They lived Maryland Penna. border. A daughter, Permelia born 1780; died 1854; married Frederick Mitchell 1798 or 1799; they lived Calvary, Harford Co., Maryland. A son William Trego, born 1787; died 1860; married El-linor Brannon 1817; they lived near Hope-well Harford Co., Maryland, the home of their birth.—Mrs. S. E. Kurtz, 215, S. Fifth St., Sac City, Iowa.

ANSWER

No. 16037. Phelps-Kelly.—Rebecca White mar. Gen. Edward Paine Sr. b. 1746 in Bolton, Tolland County, Conn. d. Aug. 28, 1841 aged 95 yrs., 11 mo. at Painesville, Ohio. Dau. Lydia Paine b. Feb. 13, 1786 in Canandaigua, N. Y.; mar. Apr. 25, 1808 Samuel W. Phelps. b. Mar. 19, 1782 d. July 4, 1826; one child Elizabeth mar. Madison Kelly of Cleveland, Ohio. They had two daughters Elizabeth and Charlotte. Second child Ann mar. Peleg P. Sanford. Their dau. Henrietta Dale Sanford Ganter belonged to the Cuyahoga Portage Chapter of D. A. R. of Akron, Ohio, Natl. No. 17231. Their son Henry Phelps was my husband's father. Third child Charlotte mar. 1st. Henry Chapin, 2nd Gen. E. A. Paine of Painesville. Fourth child Lydia mar. 1st Stanley S. Noble of Painesville, 2nd James B. Wakefield, Blue Earth, Minn. She was a member of the New Conn. D. A. R. Chap-

ter of Painesville, Ohio, Natl. No. 30140. Fifth child Samuel mar. Mary Hall of Wiloughby, Ohio. Note: Lydia Phelps Noble Wakefield and her niece Henrietta Dale Sanford Ganter, long since dead were ardent D. A. R.'s. I feel positive they would want anyone interested to be allowed to copy their D. A. R. records. I have quite a little about the Paine-Phelps family; also a fine large portrait of Lydia Paine Phelps given to my husband by his great Aunt Lydia Wakefield. If the one asking about these families cares to write to me for more information, I shall be glad to help them in any way I can; also furnish them with a kodak picture of Lydia Paine Phelps. Her sixth child Maria mar. Jonathan Ford Card of Painesville. It is from his *Life of Jonathan Ford Card with Historical Recollections of his own and wife's ancestors*, written month of May 1897 and printed in small book form, that I obtained much of my data. An account of Gen. Edward Paine can be found in the book "The Western Reserve" by W. S. Mills.—Mrs. Henry H. Sanford, 332½ Park Ave., West Mansfield, Ohio.

No. 16102. Brewster.—Rev. Nathaniel Brewster was son of Francis Brewster who was lost on the fateful ship with Capt. George Lamberton (Longfellow's "Phantom Ship"). See *American Genealogist* and *New Haven Magazine* July Vol. 12, pgs. 199-210. Donald Lines Jacobus, Ed. This question is more than twenty years old—it has appeared in other question departments for at least 20 years.—Mrs. May Hart Smith, 1725 North Garfield Avenue, Pasadena, California.



Bible Records

ANDERSON BIBLE RECORDS

Copied from Bible of John Anderson,
owned by Mrs. Samuel R. Edington, Tucson,

Arizona, a great-great granddaughter. On the fly leaf of this Bible published in 1810 is the following inscription written by his father, John Anderson, a Revolutionary soldier of Virginia:

"The gift of John Anderson, Senior, to his son John Anderson, on June 8, 1812.

My son:

This book I give you with a charge to read it often, for here at large in it thy duty you will find to God; thyself and all mankind.

John Anderson, born Monday, 5th of October, 1778.

Betsey Anderson, born 31st March, 1786; married Tuesday, 2th day of November, 1805.

John Anderson, deceased, Thursday 27th of October 1814.

Louisa Maxwell Anderson, born Monday 8th of September, 1806.

Josiah McNare Anderson, born Sunday 29th of November, 1807.

James Madison Anderson, born Tuesday 21st February, 1809.

Betsy Ann Anderson, born Monday 1st of April, 1811.

John Anderson, born December 2, 1814.

FAMILY RECORD OF ALLEN KIRKLIN (LAND) BIBLE (TENNESSEE)

Copied by Elizabeth Thurman Edington, Tucson, Arizona, State Chairman Genealogical Records, Arizona

Births

John Anderson was born October 5, 1778.

Elizabeth McNair Anderson was born March 31, 1786.

Allen Kirklin was born July 30, 1798.

Louisa Maxwell Kirklin was born September 8, 1806.

Elizabeth J. Kirklin was born April 10, 1827.

Martha M. Kirklin was born November 13, 1828.

Keziah A. Kirklin was born September 20, 1830.

Elisha A. Kirklin was born April 16, 1832.

Mary A. D. Kirklin was born March 11, 1834.

Marriett A. Kirklin was born August 25, 1836.

Louanza L. Kirklin was born May 2, 1840.

Allen Kirklin (jr) was born April 1, 1842.

Sophia T. Kirklin was born April 10, 1844.

John A. Kirklin was born July 26, 1846.

James Tullis Kirklin was born June 11, 1848.

Moses E. Kirklin was born October 28, 1850.

Brothers and sisters of Louisa Maxwell Anderson Kirklin:

Josiah McNair Anderson was born November 29, 1807.

James Madison Anderson was born February 21, 1809.

Betsey Ann Anderson was born April 1, 1811.

John Anderson was born December 2, 1814.

Half-Sister:

Sophia Thurman was born February 3, 1817.

Half Brothers and Sisters (3rd marriage of Elizabeth McNair):

Jane Lloyd was born June 4, 1821.

Albert Loyd was born October 13, 1822.

Martha Loyd was born May 26, 1824.

Rolling P. Loyd was born October 1, 1826.

John Alley (husband of Elizabeth J. Kirklin) was born August 11, 1825.

Grandchildren of Allen and Louisa Kirklin:

William Tullis Alley born July 17, 1849.

Martha Jane Rogers was born July 16, 1850.

Mary Ann Rogers was born June 10, 1853.

Ellen Rogers was born November 22, 1853.

Hester Ann Rogers was born May 17, 1855.

Florence I. Rogers was born December 6, 1855.

Mary Louisa Alley was born April 4, 1855.

Anderson Stewart was born July 24, 1854.

Martha L. Stewart was born March 2, 1856.

George K. Stewart was born May 18, 1858.

Richard F. Rogers was born September 25, 1857.

John B. Rogers was born February 14, 1859.

James Stewart Hall was born June 3, 1856.

Daniel B. Hall was born March 28, 1858.

Mary Jane Rogers was born October 26, 1856.

Harriett Rogers was born January 19, 1864.

Amelia Ann Swaim was born May 23, 1860.

Marriages

Allen Kirklin and Louisa Anderson were married June 8, 1826.

John Alley and E. J. Kirklin were married September 27, 1848.

John Rogers and Martha Kirklin were married September 6, 1849.

Daniel J. Rogers and Keziah Kirklin were married November 4, 1852.

James M. Stewart and Mary A. Kirklin were married 3rd April, 1853.

David Houston Hall and Harriett A. Kirklin were married 4 September, 1855.

A. P. Swaim and L. L. Kirklin were married April 26th, 1859.

Joseph Cummings and Sophia T. Kirklin were married December 30, 1866.

Deaths

Allen Kirklin died Aug. 6, 1852.

Louisa M. Kirklin died Jan. 30, 1876.

Elisha A. Kirklin, deceased Sept. 23, 1836.

Allen Kirklin, Jr., died Jan. 23, 1870.

John A. Kirklin, died Feb. 16, 1874.

Mary Ann Rogers, died Jan. 4, 1874.

John Anderson, died October 27, 1814.

Elizabeth Loyd, died August 13, 1859.

James M. Anderson, died May 10, 1851.

Hugh Lamb, died Feb. 14, 1843.

Elizabeth Ann (Anderson) Lamb, died Nov. 16, 1842.

Martha J. Rogers, died Aug. 31, 1851.

Mary J. Rogers, died Oct. 3, 1857.

John B. Rogers, died March 19, 1860.

Amelia A. Swaim, died Nov. 4, 1873.

Elizabeth J. Alley, died Jan. 7, 1899.

John Alley, died April 10, 1900.

William T. Alley, died Jan. 19, 1927.

Mary Alley Thurman, died April 3, 1920.

Ellen Rogers Thurman, died Nov. 23, 1925.

LEWIS BIBLE RECORD

Births

Peter B. Lewis, born June 21, 1789.
 Catherine B. Ringo, wife of Peter B. Lewis, b. February 24, 1798.
 Emeline M. Lewis, b. March 5, 1817.
 Nancy R. Lewis, b. January 4, 1820.
 James R. Lewis, b. November 19, 1821.
 John D. Lewis, b. November 6, 1823.
 Hannah A. Lewis, b. April 28, 1826.
 Alice E. Lewis, b. February 12, 1830.
 Robert G. Lewis, b. March 28, 1828.
 Albert G. Lewis, b. October 18, 1831.
 William F. Lewis, b. November 20, 1833.
 Melville B. Lewis, b. March 17, 1837.
 Bridget Ann Lewis, b. August 11, 1841.
 Bible published 1871. In gilt lettering on cover is printed:

H. C. and H. A. Northcott

This is a true copy of record in a Bible in my possession, formerly belonging to my grandmother, Hannah Amanda Lewis Northcott. Signed: Kate Clagett Duncan, Commonwealth of Penna., Co. of Alleghany. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of August 1938. *Ethel C. Cumming*, Notary Public.



Family Associations

Jackson—Sec.—Mrs. M. Riegel, 1392 Smith Road, Sta. G., Columbus, Ohio.
Dudley-Mixer—Sec.—Mrs. Leon O. Burrows, P. O. Bernardston, Mass.
Griswold—Sec.—Mrs. Mary Bullard, Guilford, Conn.
Zander—Mr. & Mrs. J. Herr Zander, Georgetown, Pa.
Zern—Sec.—Mrs. Rena Glass, Norris, Pa.
Zimmerman—Mr. Arthur Zimmerman, Delta, Pa.
Zug-Zook-Zuck—Sec.—Mrs. Kathryn Zug Snyder, Florin, Pa.

Abel—Sec.—Mr. H. E. Abel, Lancaster, Pa.
Aierstock—Mr. Mowery Aierstock, Millersville.
Alexander—Mr. & Mrs. M. C. Alexander, 601 State St., Lancaster, Pa.
Althouse—Mr. Abram L. Althouse, 36 E. Farnum St., Lancaster, Pa.
Ambler—Sec.—Anna E. Ambler, Quarryville, Pa.
Ammon—A. D. Ammon, Christiana, Pa.
Andes—Sec.—Mrs. A. J. Hildebrand, E. Petersburg, Pa.
Armstrong—Sec.—Mrs. George Myers, Drumore, Lancaster, Pa.
Bachman—Sec.—Clayton Bachman, Lebanon, Pa.
Bachman—Sec.—Mrs. George Smith, 634 Walnut St., Columbia, Pa.
Bailey—Mr. Elwood W. Bailey, Cochranville, Pa.
Barge—Mr. & Mrs. Isaac R. Barge, Ronks, R. D. #1, Lancaster Co., Pa.
Barnett—Sec.—Mrs. Sylvanus McKinley, Delta, Pa.
Barr—Mr. & Mrs. Walter Dukeman, Windsor Forges, Churchtown, Lancaster Co., Pa.
Bartholomew—Sec.—Mrs. Marie Bartholomew Keller, Bethlehem, Pa.
Barton—Robert B. Barton, 342 S. Ann St., Lancaster, Pa.
Batt-Humbert—Sec.—Amos Mellott, Willow Street, Lancaster Co., Pa.
Becker—Alpheus S. Becker, 503 N. Lime St., Lancaster, Pa.
Bender—Oscar B. Walter, 348 E. Chestnut St., Lancaster, Pa.



Revolutionary War Pensions

MIDDLETON, JOHN or MIDETON. Widow, Eleanor. (W. 7464. B.L.Wt. 28594-160-55. Certificate No. 839. Issued August 13,

1837, Act of July 29, 1848, at \$20.00 per annum from March 4, 1848. Agency, Virginia. Service, Virginia. Rank, Private.)

Application for Pension July 15, 1837. Age 78 years. Residence at date of application, Harrison Co., Va., where she was living in 1855.

Eleanor Middleton declares that she is the widow of John Middleton, who was a

Revolutionary soldier and U. S. pensioner under the Act of Congress June 7, 1832.

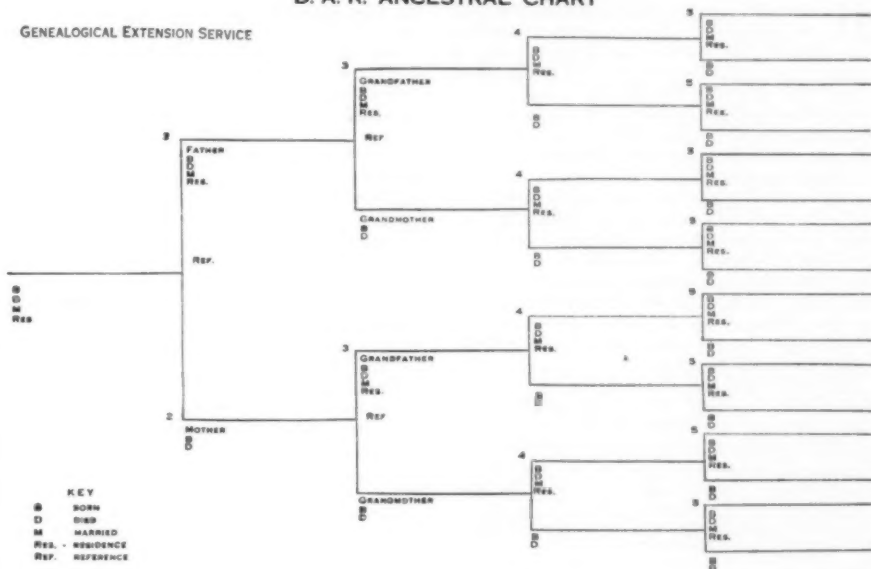
She was married to John Middleton March 28, 1797, in Winchester County, Va., her name before said marriage was Eleanor Hardy.

In 1851 children were referred to (no names or ages given).

There are no further family data on file.

D. A. R. ANCESTRAL CHART

GENEALOGICAL EXTENSION SERVICE



In submitting orders for Genealogical Extension Service, please fill out chart similar to the above, giving especially the residence of the family in each generation.

"Fail Not of Your Doing"

This interesting Revolutionary Order is contributed by Mrs. Katherine Merrill Woods, Vice Regent of the Linn Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Albany, Oregon. It was written by her ancestor, Capt. Samuel Merrill, and the original is in her possession

To Corpl David Webster Sr

Haverhill, September 1: 1777

You are hereby Required and Ordered to Notify & Warn both the Alarm list and Train band belonging to the Southern Division of the Second foot Company of Militia in Haverhill to appear at the house of Lev. Stephen Webster on Wednesday the third day of September Instant at one of the Clock afternoon the Train band Compleat in Arms for Exercise. Hereof fail not and make to me of your Doing as soon as may be.

pr

Saml Merrill Capt.

Heraldry

JEAN STEPHENSON

Drawings by Azalea Green Badgley

Irish Coats of Arms

HERALDRY in Ireland is much the same as in England. The practice of armorial law is different in that the Ulster King at Arms has the power to issue "confirmation of arms" on showing of certain usage, which power the Kings at Arms of England and Scotland do not have. However, that is of interest in connection with present use; it is of little concern to the genealogist.

The use of coats of arms in Ireland was contemporaneous with use in England, i.e., 1100 to the present time. However, no effort was made to record them until after England had extended her control more or less over the entire island. Letters Patent were issued to the Ulster King at Arms, dated June 1, 1552; prior to that time arms were not officially recorded anywhere.

The arms-bearing families of Ireland may be divided roughly into four groups: (1) those there prior to 1080, called "old Celtic" or "Milesian" families (such as Sullivan, Flynn, O'Donovan); (2) those who came from France or England after the Norman Conquest, called "Anglo-Norman" (such as Butler, Fitzgerald, Burke); (3) the followers of Strongbow (1169-90) (such as Walsh, Rice); and (4) those coming as a result of the successive attempts on the part of the English crown to give lands in Ireland to English and Scotch, called the "Elizabethian planters," the "Ulster plantation settlers," the "Londoners of Derry," the "Cromwellian settlers," etc.

As the use of arms in battle had virtually ceased by the time the office of Ulster King at Arms was established, it is natural that many arms used by the first three groups named above were not recorded, although in some cases record was made of them during the succeeding three centuries.

The Heraldic Museum in Dublin Castle is most interesting and well worth a visit. If one is trying to identify an Irish coat of arms, or to ascertain whether a certain family used one, it is advisable to have a search made of the records by the Ulster King at Arms, Dublin Castle. A statement of the fees, which are not excessive, will be furnished; they are payable in advance.

The majority of the peerages, lists of landed gentry, etc., on Ireland, being published within

the past two centuries, include only a few of the old Milesian families, and even omit many of the Anglo-Norman and Welsh groups. They do furnish much information as to the arms of settlers from England and Scotland. If the ancestor is not found in such lists, and no record of his using arms in Ireland is found, in the King at Arms' Office or elsewhere, he should be traced to the place of origin in England or Scotland. Often a younger son of a landless man, who had ceased to use the family arms, or a cadet of an old house, went to Ireland in the hope of founding a new house and re-establishing the family fortunes. Examples of this are the Napier and Pyne families, the Irish immigrant ancestors in each case being cadets of families that had borne arms for four hundred years.

There are a few books that purport to give the arms of the old Milesian and Anglo-Norman families, but seldom is the source or authority given. Many of these are no doubt correct; others may be of doubtful authenticity.

There are few books available in the United States giving Irish arms. Among them are:

Burke, Sir Bernard: *The General Armory of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.*

Nichols, Francis: *The Irish Compendium* (1735).

Kimber, Edward: *The Peerage of Ireland* (1788).

Almon, J.: *Peerage of Ireland* (1768).

Crossley, Aaron: *The Peerage of Ireland* (1725).

Lodge, John: *The Peerage of Ireland* (1789).

Howard, J. J., and Crisp, F. A. (ed.): *Visitation of Ireland* (1897).

Burke, Sir Bernard: *Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Landed Gentry of Ireland* (1904).

Skey, William: *The Heraldic Calendar* (1846).

Rooney, J.: *Genealogical history of Irish families* (1896).

Burke, J. B.: *Examples of Irish bookplates.*

Gatfield, George: *Guide to printed books and manuscripts relating to English and foreign heraldry and genealogy.* pp. 199-206. (Many references to manuscripts in British Museum.)

O'Hart: *Irish Pedigrees.*

Weener, John: *Ancient Funeral Monuments of Ireland.*

Foster, Joseph: *Collectanea Genealogica.*

Flynn



Arms: Azure, a wolf passant argent; in chief three bezants.

Crest: A dexter hand erect couped, holding a serpent, tail embowed, all proper.

Butler



Arms: Quarterly; 1st and 4th, Or, a chief indented azure; 2nd and 3rd, gules, three covered cups or.

Crest: Out of a ducal coronet or, a plume of five ostrich feathers argent, issuant therefrom a falcon rising of the last.

THE present name of Flynn was formerly O'Flynn, O'Floinn, or O'Flann, the "O" indicating "of the sept (family) of".

There were two distinctly different septs or families of O'Flynn. According to the old Irish genealogies, one descended from Heremon, son of Milesius. This sept was settled in Antrim, Down, and Roscommon. Several branches of this sept are known to have borne arms.

The other sept descended from Ith, the uncle of Milesius, and from the ancient kings of Connaught. The chief of this sept lived at Castle Ardagh, in the barony of Carberry, and at Barryroe, in the territory between Skibbereen and Baltimore, Co. Cork. Many branches of this family are entitled to the arms here illustrated.

Of course, not all bearing old Celtic names descend from the chief of the sept of that name. Many may have assumed it at a later day, been adopted, etc. One must trace the line to an ancestor who bore arms.

THE majority of the Butler families in Ireland who bear arms descend from Theobald Walter, an Anglo-Norman who was created Chief Butler of Ireland in the time of Henry II, hence the name. He bore for arms "Or, a chief indented azure." In recognition of his office he quartered "Gules, three covered cups or." Some fifteen or more families use the original arms with some "difference." Many use the quartered arms with some "difference", while a number bear arms that have been still further quartered. There are over forty variations of the arms of this Butler family.

There are other Butlers in Ireland entitled to arms, many of which are of the Lanesborough group, whose ancestor went from England to Ireland only in the days of James I, he being one of the "Ulster undertakers." Arms of this family show cups, indicating some ancestor was also a Butler to someone, but it was not Theobald Walter from whom they descend.

Symbols for Heraldic Tinctures

Or	Argent	Sable	Gules	Azure
Gold	Silver	Black	Red	Blue



PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE



"Common sense is the knack of seeing things as they are, and doing things as they ought to be done."—C. E. STOWE

XI. COMMITTEES

AS THE work of committees is about the most important part of organization activities, and because I have had so many By-laws sent to me for correction which either made no provision whatsoever for the appointment of committees or committee work, OR they had included provisions for the appointment of committees which, in my opinion, placed too much power in the hands of one or of a few, and allowed conditions to prevail which would eventually result in lack of understanding and lack of harmony.

It is very true that if nothing were done at the meetings of an organization except by action of the society as a whole, that very little work could be accomplished by any organization. So groups of members are selected for various purposes and, in a general sense, the two greater classes called Boards and Committees are the groups which carry on the work to be accomplished by the organization. Now, a Board acts for a society in an advisory capacity, its membership is chosen for a period usually from one to three years, now between the meetings of the parent society the Board has all the power of the former, except as limited by the By-laws of the society. It cannot, however, delegate this power, in any way, or rescind any action of the society, whereas the society itself, unless provided by the By-laws, may countermand action taken by the Board and give it instructions which the Board is bound to obey.

Now, under ordinary circumstances, a Committee is appointed for some special purpose, automatically expiring as soon as that purpose is accomplished, or for some general purpose which requires the Committee to remain in existence permanently, for a certain length of time, one, two, or three years, longer if necessary. There are Special Committees and Standing Committees. A Standing Committee, appointed by an ordinary society or convention, might be likened to "A Board"; it is a permanent body and has charge of a specific line of work, just

as a Board has charge of the general work of the society. Special Committees can be readily distinguished from Standing Committees, for they are appointed for a specific purpose and expire as soon as that purpose is accomplished, and their report is made.

A little later on I hope to take up the matter of Boards, the duties and the powers of Boards, for I believe that a great many chapters in our organization do not have the right conception of that part of their organization known as the Executive Board.

A Committee consists of one or more persons appointed for one of the following purposes:

- (1) To consider and report suitable action upon a resolution or main motion referred to it.
- (2) To consider and report back, with its recommendation in each case, all resolutions or other main motions, or all of a certain class, that may be offered during a session of a convention. For example, Committee of Resolutions.
- (3) To consider a subject and report a resolution covering the action it recommends the society to take. For example, Committee on the revision of the By-laws.
- (4) To investigate a certain matter and report the facts with its opinion thereon, if so ordered. For example, a Committee to find a suitable Site for a Club House.
- (5) To execute an order of the society. For example, Committee of arrangements for a banquet, etc.
- (6) To represent and act for the society in a certain matter. For example, delegates to a convention.
- (7) To receive and count the votes or to receive and act upon the credentials of delegates to a convention. For example, tellers and credentials Committee.
- (8) To take charge of a certain class or department of the work undertaken by an organization and to report to it the work done. For example, the Standing Committee of a Society. (In the last case (No. 8) the

Standing Committees are appointed in accordance with provisions in the By-laws. In all the other cases mentioned above, the motion to appoint the Committee is the main motion except in a few cases where there is a main motion pending at the time, which is referred to the Committee and the Committee is given the necessary instructions and power.)

Small Committees are usually composed of odd numbers of members, 3, 5, or 7. With an even number of persons on a small Committee, the difficulty of securing a report is increased. If you have a Committee of four, it is necessary to have three present at every meeting, and if all four are present, three must agree to the report to make it the report of the Committee, because it requires three to constitute a majority of four, but three is also a majority of five, so that with a Committee of five, there can be twice as many absentees from the meetings and twice as large an opposition if all members are present. However, it is sometimes an advantage to have a Committee of four because final action cannot be taken if more than one member objects, all the members being present.

Now every organization has the right to decide for itself how its committees shall be appointed. It eliminates a great deal of confusion if the method of appointing committees is prescribed by the By-laws. Whoever appoints a committee has the power at the time the committee is appointed to name the chairman. When appointed by the chair, usually the person first named on the committee is chairman. Unless the power to appoint committees is given the chairman by the By-laws or by a vote of the assembly, she must not assume that power. There being no By-law, if the assembly wishes to give the chair that power in any particular case, the motion to commit should include the words "To be appointed by the chair." No further action need be taken when she announces the names of the members of the committee, and her announcement ends the matter. If not prepared to announce the committee at that time, the chair must state that the committee will be announced later, but a committee cannot act until it has been announced to the assembly.

A nominating committee "Should never be appointed by the president," and this ultimatum is quoted word for word from Robert. If a president is to remain "Ex-officio a member of all committees, this should be provided for in the By-laws and she should not be a member ex-officio of the nominating committee. When a committee is nominated from the floor or elected by ballot, the first member named may not be best adapted for chairman, and the committee should not hesitate to elect another chairman, consider-

ing at all times the interests of the work at hand. Should the chairman of a committee neglect to call the committee together, any two members have a right to do so, notifying every member of the committee. A committee is not required to keep a record of its proceedings; the chairman should keep such memoranda as she may deem necessary. Members do not rise when they make a motion or speak, nor are the motions seconded. The meeting is held most informally and the chairman takes a very active part in all discussions, she may even make motions without leaving the chair and put them through to vote. Members may make informal suggestions which are discussed and finally voted upon. There is no limit to the number of times questions may be reconsidered, and the motion may be made by any member who did not vote with the prevailing side. To prevent a misuse of this informal privilege, it is necessary, however, to require a two-thirds vote to reconsider or rescind a vote in committee. Committee reports should be written in the third person. The report may be signed by every member of the committee agreeing to it. What is in the report of the committee must be agreed to by a majority vote at a meeting of the committee, but it must never be referred to as the report of the majority, always as "The report of the committee."

If the minority wish to present a report, they may present their views in writing, signed by all who approve of them. They have no right to make a minority report, but the privilege is rarely refused, the president merely says, "If there is no objection, the views of the minority will be heard."

The work of the organizations such as ours (N. S. D. A. R.), local, state, and national, carry on work that can best be divided among a number of standing committees. Sometimes an organization will have a dozen or more of these standing committees in addition to the board of managers. The Standing Committees of the National Society are known as National Committees. These National Committees are not a part of the National Board of Management, do not attend National Meetings of the Board, unless by special request of the National Board, and certainly have no vote on the National Board. Your Standing Committees in the state are known as your State Committees, they are appointed by the State Regent, just as the National Chairmen are appointed by the President General. In your Chapters and smaller groups these appointments are made more than likely by your Regent, and should NOT be a part of your Executive Board.

Faithfully yours, ARLINE B. N. MOSS,
(Mrs. John Trigg Moss.)

(Continued in our next issue)

BOOK REVIEWS



Master of the Mayflower. Henry Justin Smith. Willett, Clark & Co., Chicago, New York. \$2.

A friend writes of Henry Justin Smith that he wrote and felt as an artist, while he worked and studied as a scholar. Such a combination is more unusual than the average reader realizes. Too often the writer of popular history is not capable of handling research materials, while capable researchers often turn out the driest and most unreadable reports.

The book, "Master of the Mayflower," however, will fill the requirements of the most careful scholar and will be enjoyed fully by the casual reader.

Mr. Smith has spared no pains in running to earth every clue relating to one Christopher Jones, seventeenth-century, middle-aged, substantial citizen and shipowner of Harwich in Essex. He presents to us a man who does not appear in the least a likely candidate for fame on the day when he is approached by a merchant, a wool-carder and an ironmonger. It seems his three visitors have taken a liking to his ship "lying over against Ratcliffe Mill, and wonder whether Captain Jones will be interested in hiring it out for a journey to Virginia."

The three, however, who approach him thus are John Carver, Robert Cushman and Thomas Weston, and they are speaking of the ship *Mayflower*, hitherto used mostly as a carrier of wine from Gascony, and known because of the fragrance remaining in the holds of such carriers, as a "sweet ship."

Nevertheless, this same Christopher Jones waited three centuries for his identity to become known. For it was long believed that the Captain Jones of the *Mayflower*

was probably one Thomas Jones, a pirate. Not until the present century were the real facts brought out by the English researcher, R. G. Marsden, to whom Mr. Smith gives full credit. But while Mr. Marsden's conclusions were accepted by scholars they remained still unknown or disregarded by the popular writer. Mr. Smith, therefore, designed to write a book which might be read by the average reader and which would give Christopher Jones the credit deservedly his.

Availing himself of the various researches of scholars both in this country and abroad, the author fashioned his living narrative. All that is known of the various members of the crew is here included, and the journey of the *Mayflower*, setting forth after "grievous delays" is presented in an accurate and stirring manner.

Fair weather, then illness, death on board, and gales coming hard one upon the other, pandemonium of wind and waves, and finally catastrophe, the main mast "cracked in twain."

That was the day when the fate of the Pilgrims, perhaps of America, lay in the hands of the man named Jones. As but a few years earlier, we are reminded, the fate of the cavaliers at Jamestown, Virginia, lay in the hands of a man with a name as common—*Smith* and a *John* at that.

But Smith and Jones both proved themselves capable of meeting their respective emergencies. For when a passenger on the *Mayflower* produced from out his baggage a "great iron screw," brought from Holland, a screw probably from Brewster's printing press, which had been packed, it would almost seem by the "hand of destiny," the *Mayflower* captain made his decision. The mast should be repaired as well as possible with that screw, and the

ship should *sail on*—an echo surely of the famous decision of another Christopher on his journey westward.

And "after long beating at sea," the Mayflower stands in by Cape Cod. This was not the shoreline they had hoped to make, but still praise God—and Captain Jones, it was western land! The landing was difficult, but the Captain made it successfully. After exploring along the coast, the Pilgrims decided on their location and the Mayflower "ploughed her way into Plymouth Harbour" and "came to rest."

This was the haven where Captain Pring and his gallant dogs had summered some years before, while the Captain loaded his ships with sassafras. And this was the harbour named—yes, it is true, by Captain John Smith of Jamestown—for *Smith* as well as *Jones* plays a part in this colony's history. Gladly, it is said, did the Pilgrims adopt the name "Plimouth," the more so because it was taken from the Plymouth in lovely Devon whence they had made their successful departure.

It was not in his contract to remain with these passengers of his, but Captain Jones stayed without compensation, until the cabins were up, and the Pilgrims apparently as able as they could possibly be, to care for themselves.

We all know that half of those Pilgrim settlers died the first winter, and it should be remembered that half the ship's crew died also. The ship's cooper, Alden, decided to remain at Plymouth, and short-handed, Jones finally departed, and succeeded in re-crossing, and sailing up the Thames to Ratcliffe Mill again, eighteen arrows tipped with horn and feather, his only cargo.

It is significant of the price that Jones himself paid for the voyage to know that he lived less than a year after his return. The church where he was buried has since been torn down, and the exact resting place of the Mayflower's captain remains unknown. While after that voyage, the ship disappears into the shadows, the mists of history, which close more quickly about it than the mists of the sea.

Those with a "Mayflower heritage" should read this book, for it will serve to make the famous journey of their ancestors across the sea more real than it has hitherto been. And those who are not yet among

the number who have traced their forebears to that "sweet ship" should read the book for the pleasure of perusing a well-told story of "a good ship and her able master."

C. C. C.

March to Quebec. Journals of the Members of Arnold's Expedition. Compiled and Annotated by Kenneth Roberts during the writing of ARUNDEL. Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York. \$4.

Kenneth Roberts' latest book, *March to Quebec*, is the source material from which he drew facts and inspiration in the writing of *ARUNDEL*, his first historical novel. This was a masterly achievement and with its publication came a growing and insistent demand for access to the sources from which came the historical data. Appreciating the desire of many students of history to browse through source material, Mr. Roberts set his vast volume of notes in order and has added this remarkable collection of documents to the interesting group of books of his authorship.

In the foreword in *March to Quebec*, the author writes:

"During the writing of *ARUNDEL*, I was obliged to consult all known journals written by members of Arnold's Expedition to Quebec. Many were difficult to locate; some almost impossible to obtain. In order to simplify the work of those wishing to consult these records, they have been brought together in this book for the first time."

No similar book has ever been compiled. The larger part is raw materials. A dozen men of all types, classes and ranks scattered through the four Divisions of Benedict Arnold's Expeditions kept journals. All were not completed. Several were so much alike that a choice was made. The amount of repetition was surprisingly small. The book is unique. Through the eyes of this group of soldiers, with their different viewpoints, personalities and experiences unfolds the great pageant of the march to Quebec which began in September, 1775, and closed the following December. Eleven hundred men comprised

the band that set out with such high hopes and through unparalleled hardships, privations, and dangers, plunged valiantly on to meet defeat. The return was equally bitter.

In the group of journals in the march to Quebec, each had some claim for its use, Arnold's own journal is a marvel of accuracy, though incomplete and supplemented by his letters written during the Expedition. It is a dramatic story of remarkable leadership.

Another journal, that of Joseph Ware, which was similar to several, was the only journal with a casualty list. This was first published in the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Second Series, Vol. II. The list was so greatly mixed that Mr. Roberts painstakingly rearranged it with the names placed alphabetically and the divisions in the order they followed in the march.

Henry's, Morison's, and Senter's journals have quite a bit of literary interest. Senter was a doctor, and his narrative naturally relates to the ailments and diseases encountered and induced by the privations. It was Dr. Senter who removed the ball from Arnold's leg. John Joseph Henry carried many graphic details in his narrative, and also gives the best descriptions of Arnold and Daniel Morgan.

Altogether this source book seems to have made for itself a place of great importance, and doubtless will be the fore-runner of many others to fill in gaps in our historical materials.

EDNA M. COLMAN.

The Yankee Cheese Box. Robert Stanley McCordock. Dorrance & Company, Inc., Philadelphia. \$3.

In his "Yankee Cheese Box," Dr. Robert Stanley McCordock, John Wingate Weeks Professor of Citizenship and History at Lincoln Memorial University, has given a historical study of one of the most interesting events in the Civil War.

Consternation and excitement followed the persistent rumors for six months of 1861-1862 that the Confederates were iron plating the U. S. S. *Merrimac* which they had captured when the Federals abandoned Norfolk in April of 1861. Rumor insisted

that the *Merrimac* when its iron plating was completed would be invincible—that she could sink any wooden ship afloat and that she would be unharmed by an shells from the cannon of Union ships. Rumor also circulated dismal forebodings of miscalculations and failure. Believing this suggestion, the Union leaders ceased to be on their guard and were horrified when the news came that on March 8th the *Merrimac* appeared at Hampton Roads, rammed and sank the Federal ship *Cumberland*, and burned the *Congress*. Darkness prevented the destruction of the flagship *Minnesota*.

Consternation prevailed and terror and imagination pictured the iron plated ship breaking the blockade and ranging where she willed bombarding and destroying ships and seaports alike.

In the furious encounter between the *Monitor* (Yankee Cheese Box, as she was derisively called) and the *Merrimac*, which lasted for three hours, the Northern ship had to withdraw from battle. The *Merrimac* also received slight damage and had to return to Norfolk to repair a leak. The fear inspired by the combat sent five ocean liners to Hampton with orders to ram the *Merrimac* when she again appeared, and the *Monitor* was held in the background. No encounter ensued, as the *Merrimac* could not get herself into position, and the fear of future attacks sent President Lincoln and Secretaries Chase and Stanton to Hampton Roads. The result was an attack upon Norfolk which was taken and the captain of the *Merrimac* had her blown up to prevent her capture by the Federals.

Dr. McCordock has given exhaustive research to the detailed story of this battle and has introduced much material from the archives of the State, War and Navy departments and also from the documents and manuscripts of the Library of Congress and also from the Confederate Museum at Richmond. Much too has come through a perusal of the Worden Papers, the property of the Lincoln Memorial University.

Dr. McCordock, head of the history department since 1930, has gone much deeper into his subject than the details of the combat. He has thrown the light of comparison and contrast upon many of the technical questions of the day—primitive state of mechanical engineering then and

today, the amazing achievement of building the *Monitor* within a hundred days, the limited industrial resources of both sections of the country, and the many other problems that confronted builders of ships of seventy-seven years ago.

Dr. McCordock gives his readers many pages of references, in itself a testimonial to the thoroughness with which his facts have been collected and assembled, and his mastery of his subject.

EDNA M. COLMAN.

Colonists of Carolina in the Lineage of Hon. W. D. Humphrey. Blanche Humphrey Abree. The William Byrd Press, Inc., Richmond, Va. 1938.

The preface of this book states that the author's daughter, Edwina Abree, a teacher, had become interested in the historical work being done by the Daughters of the American Revolution. This, with the interest of her uncle, Judge W. D. Humphrey, was the beginning of this volume. Many of the families represented were early settlers in the eastern counties of North Carolina and Tidewater Virginia. In the first chapter a sketch is given of Onslow County, N. C., home of the Humphrey family. The Humphrey family history is especially noted while in the chapter following the first found of the name, which is thought to be of Norman origin. Other families in Part I are the Williams family of Isle of Wight Co., Va., Sylvesters of Long Island, Col. Thomas Johnston, James King, Francis Shackelford of Virginia, Miller and Rhodes.

There are 28 chapters and these give the history of the allied lines of the Humphrey family. The Thomas family, especially noted, states they "are among the oldest in history," "was of the nobility and of the landed gentry." Judge Humphrey's mother was Marendra Ann Thomas. Chapter XXVII tells of the Thomas family who have served in the County of Duplin and State of N. C. in Colonial Assembly, State Assembly, Constitutional Conventions, Provincial Congress, United States Congress and Confederate Congress.

In Part II is a short history of Duplin County, N. C. In this we have the Thomas family, John Miller, one of the founders of

the First Presbyterian Church in North Carolina; the Kinnear, Kenan, Routledge, Lockhart, Mercer and Ivey families are also represented.

This book treats of all these various families and the part they had in the early activities of the state. They were found in the early Colonial Assemblies, the Colonial Wars and later in the Revolutionary War, early settlers of the country filling honorably public positions of trust.

We find the first definitely proven ancestor of the Humphrey name of the line of Judge W. D. Humphrey to have been William Humphrey of Onslow Co., N. C., in 1747. He was a member of Onslow County Militia 1769. This line descends from William Humphrey and wife Sarah Ward through Daniel Humphrey and wife Hester Williams, Whitehead D. Humphrey and Susan Shackelford, Whitehead D. Humphrey and Eliza Jane Sylvester, George Franklin Humphrey and Marendra Ann Thomas to Judge W. D. Humphrey.

At the close of each chapter the "Sources of Data" are given and on pages 251-254 very complete authorities are cited.

ELIZABETH E. B. JONES.

Other Books Received

THE MAN BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD. Willard W. Bartlett. The Albert Publishing Company, Westerville, Ohio. \$50.

AMERICA'S PURPOSE. Alfred J. Snyder. The Declaration Press, Philadelphia. \$3.

WINGS IN THE NIGHT. Willis Fitch. Marshall Jones Company, Boston. \$2.

THE GRAND MANAN HISTORIAN NO. V. including The History and Settlement of Grand Manan by Jonas Howe, The Origin and History of the Name Grand Manan by W. F. Ganong, and other articles. Grand Manan Historical Society, Grand Manan Island, New Brunswick. \$50.

MEMORIAL TO REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS, CLINTON, NEW YORK. A Historical Research concerning Kirkland Avenue Cemetery formerly known as Water Street Cemetery or the Old Burying Ground. Oneida Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., No. 49, Utica, New York. \$1. Order from Mrs. Isabelle Bailey Cook Smith, Historian, 8 Greenwood Court, Utica, New York.

★ NEWS ITEMS ★



MRS. JOHN L. OSBORNE, THE GREAT-GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER OF GENERAL JOHN STARK, PICTURED BESIDE ONE OF THE INTERESTING FIREPLACES IN THE HISTORIC STARK HOUSE

Dedication of Markers

The **Molly Stark Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.**, of Manchester, New Hampshire, recently dedicated its new home, the historic Stark House. Built in 1736 by Archibald Stark, it was occupied by his family until 1758, when it became the property of his son, General John Stark. Much of the interior is the same as it was in Revolutionary days and many interesting articles of the period have been collected by the chapter to make the home an object of interest to visitors.

The **Ypsilanti Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.**, of Ypsilanti, Michigan, recently conducted appropriate services at the dedication of a marker. The grave of Mrs. Arthur Marks at Hillside Cemetery was the object of the

marking, and the regent of the local chapter, Mrs. F. P. Wilber, conducted the services.

Markers have also been placed by the chapter in the Highland Cemetery at the graves of Mrs. William H. Latham and Mrs. Norval Ayers. Miss Minnie Horner unveiled the marker at Mrs. Latham's grave and placed the flag in position, while the same service was performed for Mrs. Ayers by a granddaughter, Miss Donna Louise Ayers.

A marker has recently been unveiled by the **John Benson Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.**, of Hartwell, Georgia, in memory of Captain John Martin White, a Revolutionary soldier. The marker was unveiled by Miss Mildred McLesky of Columbus, Ohio, and Miss Beverly Clark of Hartwell,



THE MARKER PLACED BY THE COLONEL CRAWFORD CHAPTER ON THE SITE OF THE FIRST CAMP OF DAVID MEAD

Georgia, who are lineal descendants of Captain White. The regent, Mrs. A. S. Skelton, presented Mrs. Julian B. McCurry, past State Regent of Georgia and former Vice President General, N. S. D. A. R., who dedicated the marker. An interesting program was presented, directed by the historian of the local chapter, Miss Laura Lee Satterfield.

The **Colonel Crawford Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.**, Meadville, Pennsylvania, recently participated in the Meadville sesquicentennial celebration.

A bronze marker was placed and dedicated by the chapter at the site of the camp made by David Mead and a little band of pioneers on the bank of French Creek one hundred and fifty years ago.

In addition, the local chapter sponsored an exhibit depicting the old Gibson Tavern when the Marquis de Lafayette visited Meadville. Members of the chapter wearing authentic costumes of the period appeared each day of the celebration.

Anniversary Celebrations

The **Henry Dawson Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.**, of McPherson, Kansas, celebrated Flag Day by holding a picnic at the Neiman Home in Whitewater. The picnic was voted a complete success by all those who attended.

The **Iowa Daughters of the American Revolution** recently presented daily pro-

grams at the Iowa State Fair, representing the patriotic work done by the organization.

The program included six living pictures which were given in the following order: "The Spirit of 1776"; "Betsy Ross and Her Flag"; "The Madonna of the Trail," illustrating the statue used by the D. A. R. in marking historic spots on trails throughout the United States; "The Work of the Society in Americanism at Ellis Island"; "Conservation of Youth and Approved Schools"; and the final pictures depicted "The Organization's Policy for National Defense and Peace."

This educational program was arranged by a committee with Mrs. Thomas B. Throckmorton, Corresponding Secretary of the Iowa Society, as chairman.

Presentation of Awards

The **Samuel Davies Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.**, of Bowling Green, Kentucky, recently presented three students in the local schools with D. A. R. medals for best historical essays.

The essays were entitled, "The Economic Background of the Constitution of the United States," written by Miss Coralie Jones; "What the Constitution Means to Me," by Waldeen Ferrin; and "Thomas Jefferson," by Juanita Truax. This award has become an annual presentation by the chapter.



THE MARKER PLACED BY THE YPSILANTI CHAPTER ON THE SITE OF THE SUMMIT FARM TOLL GATE ON THE DETROIT SALINE PLANK ROAD CHARTERED IN 1848

Captain Christopher Jones

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

*She sails . . . alone . . . the Mayflower sails . . .
It seems the very earth should stop its whirling,
The sun pause, and the stars forget their course.
But nothing happened. Men went about their business,
Cattle cropped the grass, the gulls flew over
Screaming the while the Mayflower turned westward.
Full-blown she was, as fitting to her name,
Her sails were petals lifting to the wind,
The fragrance of her past was in her hold—
This carrier of wine from Gascony
Dubbed in the sailors' parlance a "sweet ship,"
Laden with stranger brew now faced the sea.*

*Singing came from her decks and seamen's laughter,
There chickens peeped, a valiant rooster crowed,
The dogs barked—confusion traveling westward.
Confusion? Yes, and peace. Peace of the heart
Such as a man must know if he would live
To the utmost. And over all was Captain Jones.*

*Slowly they sail—one does not hurry forward
Into a birth—especially a nation's—
Log and logline to figure western progress,
Checked by the sand, slow-flowing in the glass,
Cross-staff and astrolabe for latitude—
Thus Captain Jones and crew—and Destiny.*

*And then the autumn gales struck brutally.
"Cross winds and met with many fierce storms."
'Till death was rampant in the leaping sea.
Death of a ship? A dream? Death of a Nation?
But did we lately speak of Destiny? . . .*

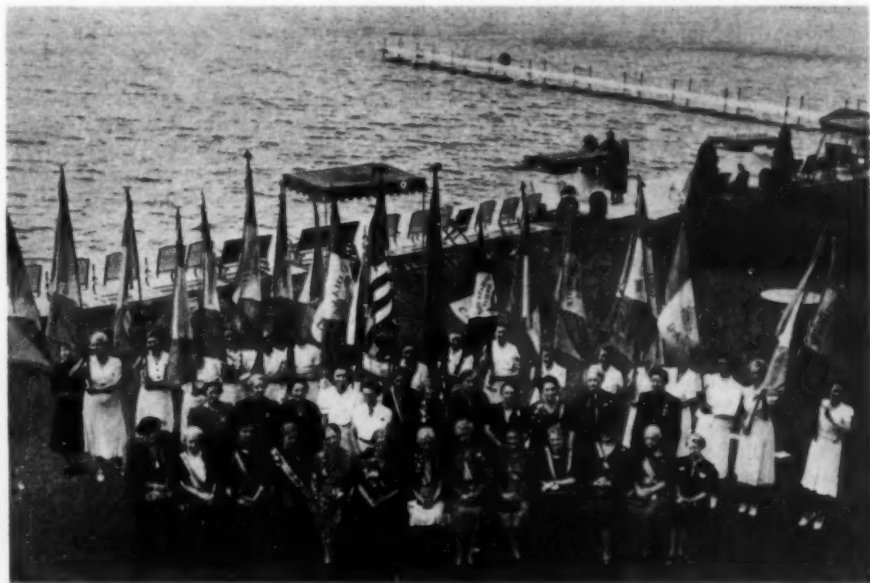
*Destiny in a screw to mend the mast,
Some pilgrim chanced to bring with him from Leyden,—
Be not too certain in your little laughing—
The screw placed in the balance, meant the West,
The matter hung on screw and Captain Jones,
And Jones still followed the retreating sun.*

*Twilight and treacherous shoal and Western Land,
And one ship deep in danger, deeper than
When the great mast cracked in twain in middle ocean.
But there is Captain Jones—and Destiny.*

*For the wind changed, the Mayflower, sails a-blossom,
Bears up the Cape in the November moon,
Slips into haven under wooded slopes,
Drops anchor there. This Jones has brought her safe.
Men fell upon their knees and blessed their God,
We hope they also thanked one Christopher
Who sailed the Mayflower over—that "sweet ship."*

"For the facts on which this poem is based the writer acknowledges her indebtedness to Henry Justin Smith's 'Master of the Mayflower,' Pub. Willett, Clark & Co., 1936." "That Sweet Ship" reached Cape Cod, Nov. 11 (old calendar) 1620

STATE CONFERENCES



MRS. HENRY M. ROBERT, JR., PRESIDENT GENERAL, N.S.D.A.R., MRS. WILLIAM H. SCHLOSSER, STATE REGENT OF INDIANA, AND THE NATIONAL AND STATE OFFICERS PICTURED AT THE THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL STATE CONFERENCE OF THE INDIANA DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. THIS IS THE FIRST VISIT MADE BY THE PRESIDENT GENERAL TO A STATE CONFERENCE IN HER PRESENT OFFICIAL CAPACITY

INDIANA

THE thirty-eighth annual state conference Indiana Daughters of the American Revolution was held at the Spink-Wawasee hotel, Lake Wawasee, September 20, 21, 22, 1938, with the President General, Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., as the special guest. Indiana has entertained President Generals before, and they have been charming and they have been wise. But never before has Indiana been honored with the FIRST visit of a President General, to a state conference during her administration. We like to think that in Mrs. Robert's personal diary are such notations as these: "Made first state conference speech at Lake Wawasee, Indiana, September 20, 8:30 P. M."; "Con-

ducted first round table discussion for chapter regents at Indiana conference Sept. 21"; "Many members of my official family with me at Wawasee for my first conference."

In Indiana D. A. R. history will be printed in detail the never-to-be-forgotten visit of Mrs. Robert to our state; her charming personality, her keen interest in our work, her helpful discussion of our problems, her wise counsel and, above all, that thought paramount in her address which is treasured by every one of the 333 Daughters in her audience and will be printed in Indiana year-books for 1939-1940, as the fiftieth anniversary creed:

"To be a good Daughter of the American Revolution, is to SEE THE WHOLE PICTURE, to recognize in present conditions a repetition of that endless round of cause and effect op-

erating since the beginning of time, to be slow in forming conclusions, to be sure of the justice of opinions, to possess a confident faith in American democracy and to bend every effort that it may survive."

A miniature Continental Congress it was with its processions, inspiring music; charming pages carrying the Flag and chapter banners; lovely ladies with broad blue ribbons and ancestral bars; gifts of orchids, roses, gardenias, golden locket and silken scarfs—and with important business, thought out clearly, discussed fully, decided upon definitely, with correct procedure carried through to its conclusion by an able presiding officer.

The President General's FIRST state conference honored the Society's FIRST President General, when Indiana Daughters voted to provide a model farm for Kate Duncan Smith School, Grant, Alabama, as its golden jubilee project honoring Caroline Scott Harrison. The model farm will include a dwelling for the vocational teacher built of native stone; barn and tool shed, poultry house, potato storage house, machinery and tools; nursery stock, clearing land and fencing at a total cost of \$5000.00. The state budget includes an approved school fund and to this will be added chapter contributions.

Concluding a four year's project, Mrs. Roscoe C. O'Byrne, chairman of the roster of Indiana Revolutionary soldiers and patriots buried in Indiana, announced the roster completed, and in the hands of Bobbs-Merrill Company, publishers. The book contains the names of 1934 soldiers, and authentic service records. It will be ready for distribution in November.

The conference unanimously endorsed Mrs. James B. Crankshaw for Honorary Vice-President General. Mrs. Crankshaw served as State Regent from 1928-1931, and Vice-President General from 1931-1934.

The capital city, Indianapolis, was chosen as the place of meeting for the 1939 conference. The dates are October 10, 11, 12. The Claypool Hotel will be headquarters.

The State Officers Club elected Mrs. James R. Riggs, Sullivan, as its president. Mrs. Furel R. Burns, who has filled the

position of north director by appointment, was unanimously elected to that office.

The keynote of the conference announced by our state regent, Mrs. William H. Schlosser, was the responsibility of the individual member. The theme as chosen by her: The interchange of thought in the solution of our problems. The method of procedure: "To see the WHOLE picture."

The conference opened Tuesday afternoon and closed the following Thursday after luncheon. The President General attended every session. The program included her address; her round-table discussion; reports of state chairmen; reports of the ninety-two chapters given by the three state directors; memorial service in which special tribute was paid to our beloved Honorary Vice-President General, Mrs. John Newman Carey; report of the State President, Children of the American Revolution, Mrs. George Chester, who mentioned ceremonies in connection with the gift of forty-four Shrines of the Constitution to Indiana schools and colleges by the C. A. R.; greetings from Mrs. Edmund B. Ball, Muncie, National Vice-President C. A. R., whose generosity made these gifts possible; addresses by two college presidents: Dr. William Gear Spencer of Franklin College and Dr. Clyde E. Wildman of DePauw University; greetings and helpful talks by these other distinguished guests: Mrs. Vinton Earl Sisson, Librarian General; Mrs. Loren E. Rex, Chaplain General; Mrs. John S. Heaume, Recording Secretary General; Mrs. Joseph Forney, State Regent of Pennsylvania; Mrs. John L. Marshall, State Regent of South Carolina; Mrs. J. F. Zimmerman, State Regent of Illinois; Mrs. William G. Geagley, State Regent of Michigan; Mrs. Henry C. Childs, State Regent of Missouri; Mrs. Samuel J. Campbell, National Chairman of Approved Schools; Mrs. Roscoe C. O'Byrne, National Chairman Good Citizenship Pilgrimage.

Mrs. George W. Weatherbee, State Chairman Real Daughters, told of a visit with one of these "lovely ladies." Said the Real Daughter: "I love to talk, and Land Sakes, there is so much to talk about." As concerns this conference résumé, I can say truly: "I love to write, and Land Sakes there is SO MUCH to write about." But

Mrs. Keyes must budget her space, and with personal greetings and deepest appreciation of her work as our Editor, we place the final period (.)

MINDWELL CRAMPTON WILSON

(Mrs. H. B.)

State Chairman of Press Relations.

WYOMING

THE 24th annual State Conference of the Daughters of the American Revolution was held in Thermopolis, Wyoming, August 8th, 9th and 10th, 1938, entertained by the Washakie Chapter.

The sessions were held in the Community Church. Registration headquarters were at the Emery Hotel.

Executive Board meeting and a general "Get Together" were held Monday evening.

A beautiful opening ceremony planned by Mrs. Webster and the hostess chapter and assisted by two pages, Misses Kathleen Russell and Ruth Clare Menger, was very impressive. This was followed by the Pledge of Allegiance, Salute to the Flag, the American's Creed, the Invocation by Rev. Robert Divine, and the singing of The Star-Spangled Banner.

Addresses of welcome given by Mrs. W. D. Skelton, Regent of the hostess chapter, Mr. Geo. Reesy, Mayor of Thermopolis, and representatives of other patriotic organizations. Response was given by Mrs. Wilber K. Myler, First Vice-Regent.

Mrs. Hubert Webster, State Regent, then called the meeting to order. As Mrs. Webster was a resident of Thermopolis at the time of the institution of the Washakie Chapter, and a charter member of it, it was a happy home coming for her as there were many old friends to welcome her.

Mrs. Clarence H. Adams, of Denver, Colorado, Vice-President General of the National Society, was a guest of the Conference. Her presence was a joy and inspiration for everyone. Her messages will be taken back to the various chapters throughout the State and much good work will be accomplished as a result, for she made each of us feel that we are engaged

in a great work and that we are the guardians of the principles which our forefathers fought for—a priceless heritage which must be preserved. She especially commended the work with the youth, stating that we were pioneers in the work but that other organizations realizing its value had followed in our steps. The work done at the approved schools, and especially our own Kate Duncan Smith and Tamassee schools, and also among the immigrants at Ellis Island were stressed by her.

Reports of Chapter Regents showed that the Wyoming Daughters are very active in the work of the organization.

Tuesday afternoon a beautiful memorial service was held in memory of those who had passed on within the past year.

Following this the Chamber of Commerce took the visitors on a sight-seeing trip which included the Big Horn Hot Spring—the largest mineral hot spring in the world, also a tour of the State Park, where a picnic supper was served.

At the evening session Betty Lou Seidel, of Casper, the Good Citizenship Pilgrim, gave an interesting account of her trip to Washington, D. C., and her experiences at Continental Congress.

Pins were presented to Good Citizenship Pilgrimage candidates by their local regents.

"Reflections of the Continental Congress Page" by Mrs. Frances M. Lovlac were very entertaining.

The election of officers resulted as follows: State Regent, Mrs. W. K. Mylar; First Vice Regent, Mrs. John Galt; Second Vice Regent, Mrs. Nellie Wales; Recording Secretary, Mrs. I. E. Clark; Treasurer, Mrs. C. M. Eby; Historian, Mrs. L. J. O'Marr; Registrar, Mrs. L. C. Stoddard; Librarian, Miss Isabel Huling.

The 25th annual conference is to be held in Lusk, Wyoming, in August of 1939.

The Conference closed with a Banquet at the Carter Hotel Wednesday evening and proved to be a delightful affair. Mrs. Elizabeth R. Russell presided as toastmistress. A splendid address was given by Mr. C. W. Axtell, a Son of the American Revolution.

Mrs. Webster presided over the Conference with dignity and grace and no doubt a

large part of its success was due to her efforts, and Washakie Chapter had left nothing undone which would add to the comfort and pleasure of those present.

ELIZABETH A. WILCOX
(Mrs. Maurine)
Chairman, Publicity Committee.

NEW JERSEY

THE autumn session of the New Jersey Daughters of the American Revolution was held on Tuesday, September 27th at 10:30 A. M. in the Westminster Presbyterian Church at Elizabeth, by invitation of Budinot Chapter of that city. Mrs. John F. McMillan acted as general chairman.

Mrs. J. Warren Perkins, state regent, presided and presented many distinguished guests: Mrs. Wm. H. Becker, honorary president general, who paid a loving tribute to Mrs. Wm. John Ward, vice president general, who passed away last April; Mrs. Joseph E. Pryor, national chairman of insignia who spoke briefly on the insignia of the society; Mrs. Leroy Montgomery, national chairman, who discussed motion pictures, and Mrs. F. B. Whitlock, national chairman of Radio, who spoke on that subject.

Mrs. C. Edward Murray, Trenton, and Mrs. Charles Read Banks, Plainfield, honorary regents of New Jersey, were presented as was Mrs. Willard I. Kimm, state president of the Children of the American Revolution, and Miss Dorothy Jenkins, ex-chairman of pages during Continental Congress.

Mr. Arthur Cole, president of the Elizabethtown Sons of the American Revolution, brought greetings. Mayor Brophy of Elizabeth warmly welcomed the convention to the city and Congressman McLean spoke briefly on the history of Elizabeth.

At the morning session, Mrs. Leland D. Ives, regent of Budinot Chapter, in a very gracious speech in which she spoke of their historic city, welcomed the delegates.

Guest speaker of the morning, Miss Page Schwarzwaelder, treasurer general of the national society, on being presented by Mrs. Perkins, state regent of New Jersey, chose

as her subject, "Are We Doing Our Duty by the Daughters of the American Revolution?" That is, are we selling the idea of our activities, our principles, and what we stand for to the public.

After luncheon at the Winfield Scott Hotel, the delegates were delightfully entertained with a program of music by members of the Budinot Citizenship Club and their orchestra. This club, composed of 90 members, both boys and girls, is a living example of the activities that might be carried on by a live organization of this kind.

Following the musical program, Mack Williams of New York was introduced and spoke on "Good Citizenship," which was the sub-theme of the conference. Mr. Williams, having been mayor of the Boys' Republic of New York, spoke with authority on the work being done by that organization. He gave the convention a splendid inside view of the workings of the Boys' Republic and the training those boys are receiving in citizenship. This Republic, a large group of about 400 boys, is being carried on by the boys themselves as council, workers and advisers. In fact, the boys make up and run their Republic.

The conference closed with a high note of enthusiasm for the work of the coming winter.

Following the close of the day's conference, a motor corps carried the delegates to the Old First Presbyterian Churchyard, where Budinot Chapter, in recognition of their 45th anniversary, unveiled a tablet in honor of the patriotic dead buried there. At the same time a wreath was placed on the grave of Hannah Arnett, a Revolutionary heroine, by the regent of Hannah Arnett Chapter. Mrs. J. Warren Perkins, state regent, told the story of Hannah Arnett.

So ended a busy, inspiring and profitable autumn session of the New Jersey Daughters of the American Revolution.

MRS. RALPH DECKER,
State Historian.

Letters intended for the editor are occasionally, alas, lost in transit. Such was the letter mailed last March, giving an account of the spring conference in Montana. A duplicate copy has since reached her office,

however, and she is pleased to present the following brief account of the Thirty-fifth Annual State Conference. F. P. K.

MONTANA

THE Thirty-fifth Annual State Conference of Montana Daughters of the American Revolution was held in Livingston, Montana, March 16, 17 and 18, with Yellowstone Park Chapter as hostess.

A delightful informal reception was held Wednesday evening at the Episcopal Guild Hall at which time Mrs. Ernest Kypke, general chairman and registrar, extended cordial greetings to the State Officers and visiting guests, stating that the hostess chapter had made simplicity the keynote of all their plans. In the receiving line were Mrs. Lewis D. Smith, regent of the hostess chapter; Mrs. A. J. Rahn, State Regent; Mrs. Fitzgerald; Mrs. Weston, Mrs. Squire; Mrs. Leach, and Mrs. Potter of Yellowstone Park Chapter. During the evening Tom Madden, a talented high school student, delighted the guests with several violin selections. Miss Nelle Weston, member of the local chapter, gave two appropriate readings which were much enjoyed by the guests.

Thursday morning the Conference was formally opened with a processional arranged according to the D. A. R. Hand Book. Greetings and best wishes for a most profitable conference were read from Mrs. William A. Becker, President General. Following the welcome addresses and the presentation of the Hostess Regent, Mrs. Smith, and the State Officers, the reports of the State Officers were given. Our State Regent gave a fine report of her year's activities. It was gratifying to hear these reports and to realize that under the capable guidance of our State Regent, Mrs. Rahn, Montana was more than holding its own in all forms of D. A. R. work.

Keen interest in the selection of the Good Citizenship Pilgrimage girl is always shown and this year the lucky one was Miss Ruth Parker of Hamilton.

An impressive memorial service in memory of those Daughters who had passed away during the year, under the leadership

of the State Chaplain, Mrs. Ida Leach, closed the morning session. During this service the poem, "They Are Not Far," written by our Honorary President General, Mrs. Russell William Magna, and which had been set to music by Mrs. Alice Webber Hanson, member of Assiniboine Chapter, Havre, was used. A special tribute was paid to the memory of Mrs. Laure Tollman Scott, who for twenty-three years was state chairman of the committee on Preservation of Historic Spots.

The annual banquet, the social highlight of the Conference, was held in the Congregational, Holbrook Hall, with chapter regent, Mrs. Lewis D. Smith, presiding. The tables were beautiful with blue and white tapers, crystal bowls of white sweet peas and lilies of the valley, with favors at each place which were diminutive colonial figurines and blue place cards decorated with colonial figures. The theme for the program of toasts was the insignia of the D. A. R. Mrs. Rahn, State Regent, closed the program with her toast, the distaff of the insignia, which was most inspiring.

Friday morning the routine business of the Conference was concluded, which included the report of the Resolutions Committee and the election of officers for the coming year. State Officers are: Mrs. A. J. Rahn, State Regent; Mrs. L. W. Crouch, Vice-Regent; Mrs. D. L. Strain, Secretary; Mrs. L. O. Lynn, Treasurer; Mrs. R. G. Haglund, Registrar; Mrs. A. G. Middleton, Historian; Mrs. G. E. Holcomb, Librarian.

The highlight of the Conference was the honor of having for our guest at the Friday morning session Mrs. Ralph E. Wisner of Detroit, Michigan, National Chairman of Junior American Citizens. Mrs. Wisner gave a very inspiring address and brought very clearly to her listeners the fine work the D. A. R. is doing to instill in the minds of the youth the foundation principles of true democracy.

A fine spirit of enthusiasm, co-operation and constructive plans for the future marked the Thirty-fifth Annual State Conference of Montana which adjourned Friday afternoon after singing "Blest Be the Tie that Binds."

RUTH A. MIDDLETON,
State Historian.

COMMITTEE REPORTS



MRS. SAMUEL JAMES CAMPBELL, NATIONAL CHAIRMAN OF APPROVED SCHOOLS

Report of the Approved Schools Committee

A Letter from the National Chairman of Approved Schools

Mount Carroll, Illinois.

DEAR Members:

Greetings from the new National Chairman of Approved Schools! I am just in from an eight-mile horseback ride on this glorious morning and am ready for a little visit with you.

The Approved Schools Committee is a perfectly fascinating one and I am already in love with the work. And when I say work, I mean it. You should see the mail that comes in every morning! But each letter brings some interesting news or request for literature and once in a while the thrilling information that some state is

going to undertake a perfectly splendid project for one of the schools. Then I feel like cheering! Really, I have been so busy that I haven't taken any summer vacation at all—just stayed "on the job" except for a couple of auto trips to visit some of our schools. I can hardly wait to tell you about them.

Every school I visited was doing such vital, important work for our underprivileged young people that I was constantly losing my heart to just one and then another. The work these schools of ours are doing is all similar in a way, but each one approaches the problem in a different manner, and to me this was most interesting. My heart was torn time and again by the stories of children turned away for the lack of space or lack of funds. By the time I have visited all seventeen schools I am sure I will have some incurable heart ailment. How I longed to be able to give or promise some of the many things so sorely needed. Really, my dears, I feel like a mother with two dear daughters of my own, Tamasee and Kate, and fifteen well-loved stepchildren all clamoring for an education at once! The only remedy I can think of is for you and all your sisters to get busy and start working and saving your money so that we can help send more boys and girls to school. Then I won't have to listen to so many sad tales of disappointed children and unhappy school presidents and principals. But I must get on to my trip.

Mr. Campbell and I went down to Lincoln Memorial University for Commencement. It was a wonderful experience. Katharine Matthies, former National Chairman, was there to break ground for the new D. A. R. Matthies Creamery, and the presence of a large group of distinguished trustees and interested guests added to the pleasure of the three-days' visit. Dr. and Mrs. McClelland are doing a fine piece of work at L. M. U., assisted by an able faculty.

At the Senior Breakfast we met the members of the graduating class, and it was an

inspiration to look into the faces of those eager, bright, young people so full of fearless courage, of hope, and anticipation for the future. Incidentally, this breakfast, as well as all other meals we had during our stay, was served by the girls of the Domestic Science unit, who earn part of their tuition in this way. There are six Tamassee girls at L. M. U. at present, all doing good work. I met several of them and was so proud that they were living up to Tamassee ideals. Perhaps you belong to a chapter whose scholarship money is sending one of these very girls through college. Dr. McClelland says that more scholarships are one of their "big little" needs. The really big ones are a new gym (the present one is just a wooden barn-like structure covered on the outside with roofing paper), and another boys' dormitory! But I guess we will have to let their trustees worry about these problems and concentrate on the scholarships.

As we were not very far from Pine Mountain Settlement School, Dr. and Mrs. Western of L. M. U. kindly drove us over for the day. You would have enjoyed the trip through the mountains! Pine Mountain is a typical school located in a hollow shut in by the lovely Kentucky hills. Vacation had already started when we made our visit, but about a dozen boys and girls were there doing the summer work on the farm and in the garden. In the kitchen the girls were busy canning for the winter vegetable supply. They were a happy, friendly group, high school age, eager to show us their school. Mr. Dodd, a Berea graduate, was acting as school head in the absence of Mr. Morris. Officially he is the efficient business manager, so he was just the person to show the Approved School Chairman about. The school plant is in good condition and well run. Here, too, the need is for scholarships. The children seem to come both from the typical mountain families and the coal mining districts. I wish I had time to tell you about the two dear log guest houses perched on the hillsides, but you will have to go and see for yourself some day. They are for rent, you know, and afford an ideal spot for a vacation amid beautiful and interesting surroundings. Incidentally, the school has a new building for occupational work, a beautiful stone Memorial Chapel, a school building, rustic dormitories, a herd

of eighteen cows, and a small swimming pool built by the students with money saved through a series of self-denial days each week. These children gave up their morning cereal and other things systematically so they could have their pool. How many of us would have that strength of character!

Well, my dears, I hope you aren't bored to death with the way I am "going on" about my school work, but it is really all I think about.

On the same trip we stopped also at Maryville, Tennessee, and had a wonderful day at Maryville College. Dr. Lloyd, the President; Miss Henry, whom you have heard of often; Mr. Proffitt, the Treasurer (isn't that an ideal name for a school treasurer?), and everyone else whom we met were cordial and brimming over with true Southern hospitality. While I visited with Dr. Lloyd and had a long talk with Miss Henry about the fine revolving student loan fund, Sam had a wonderful time visiting the school farms and going over the "books" with Mr. Proffitt. I forgot, perhaps you don't all know who Sam is. Well, he is the "better-half" of the Campbell family, and a good D. A. R. booster, most interested in the school work we are doing. If he weren't, I wouldn't be doing it!

Maryville has a beautiful campus, a student body of over 800, with 656 last year on student-help. Miss Henry has charge of all the student-help work, and does a wonderfully fine job of it. Here all the students work for actual cash, sign notes for their tuition, and are taught the value of money and the obligation of paying their debts promptly. A great character building system, it seems to me. The revolving loan fund is now \$3,000.00, but Miss Henry has a dream of its reaching \$40,000.00 some day. Contributions toward this fund is what they want most at Maryville. The "Maid Shop" is one of the interesting features here affording the girls work in an electrically equipped garment factory. They make factory and nurses uniforms, choir robes, and a few other garments, all beautifully done under the supervision of an efficient director.

It was hard to leave Maryville, but then that's true of every school I visit. We stopped at several farms to see some of the famous walking horses you read about. I

enclose a picture taken this morning just after I got in from that ride I spoke of. Hope you like it.

Have you ever heard the story about old Aunt Sally Creech from down on Pine Mountain? During her last illness a neighbor asked her if she "warnt afeared to meet her Maker," and she said, "No, I hain't afeared to meet my Maker bacaze I hain't niver played the wicked spot kyards ner rid astriddle." Guess there is no hope for me!

* * *

Here I am up on the shores of Lake Superior comfortably settled in the attractive girls' dormitory at Northland College. I've been here for a couple of days now, and I have so many things to tell you about that I hardly know where to begin. The entire Wisconsin State Board is here, together with the State Chairmen of Approved Schools and Student Loan. We are all the guests of the school and Mrs. Helen Kimberly Stuart, the State Regent of Wisconsin, who had the splendid idea of holding a Board meeting at this northern Approved School of ours. She felt, and rightly, too, that her Board members should become acquainted first hand with the wonderful work Dr. and Mrs. Brownell are doing at Northland. I was fortunate enough to be included in the party. You should see us. We all feel like schoolgirls again even if the actual school year is over and only a few of the students remain.

While the Board was in session I had ample opportunity to become acquainted with this school of "Unobstructed Horizons," as someone has called it. Truly, it has unobstructed horizons both geographically, educationally, socially, and industrially. When I visited the library on the third floor of old Wheeler Hall I saw what had called forth this expression, for you can see for miles in every direction, north up the "Shining Big Sea Water," east to the low iron range of Michigan, and in other directions as far as the eye can reach.

Northland is a frontier college, so to speak, for this region is the rather desolate cut-over timberland of the north, which is now being reclaimed by a hardy pioneering people mostly of Scandinavian extraction.

There is no other school giving a Liberal Arts degree within 250 miles to the south-east and southwest, and within 1000 miles or more to the north.

This is a sample of some of the letters that come to Dr. Brownell's desk: "Dear Mr. Proffessor President: I am intend to come. I have in this country three months been to school. I want work. Give me my chance. Charley." It took some time to find "Charley" of Pease, Minnesota, but they found him and he later graduated at the head of his class.

I soon discovered that Mrs. Stuart had a definite plan in mind when she asked me to meet with her Board, for she wished to put over a state project for Northland. Everyone was so enthusiastic that it didn't take much urging on my part and you can imagine my happiness when they voted to undertake to raise \$10,000.00 toward a fund for a new library building which will be known as the D. A. R. Library when completed! Isn't that wonderful?

Don't forget the Craft Shop. The boys do beautiful copper and pewter articles, which make fine gifts. Their slogan is "A Sale = A Job: A Job = An Education."

* * *

This letter never got mailed when it should and I am glad now. It must get off tonight, however, or Mrs. Keyes will give me a black mark and refuse to print it in the MAGAZINE! I am out at the Indiana State Conference, and I'll give you one press radio bulletin. The Conference just voted to raise \$5,000.00 for a Model Farm Home at Kate Duncan Smith! The school will use 30 acres of their land for a model farm, and Indiana will build the model farm house, where the advisor will live, and the model barn for the stock. I am so thrilled. Who will give the first pig?

I must go to bed—it is 3:00 a. m. and I have to leave early in the morning.

Don't forget Christmas is coming and our schools love boxes for their children. Write to me soon. Goodbye and good night—or rather good morning—until next time.

Yours,

ILEEN B. CAMPBELL,
(Mrs. Samuel James Campbell).



Report of Junior American Citizens Committee

AS days grow into weeks, and weeks into months, the National Chairman of Junior American Citizens thrills to the responses, and interest in these clubs. It is growing, and she is most appreciative of the letters which come daily to her from all parts of the country, pledging cooperation, and telling of what is being planned for these children.

Today there is a growing need of a sense of responsibility among youth. Life's problems have to be faced by every one of us, and the stamina which it takes to face them must be instilled into us at an early age.

The Church seeks the child to train him in his infancy, that he may have a faith in God, and learn to live a moral life. Then, why is it not just as important for us to seek this child to train him in the interests of good citizenship—to show him his responsibility to his community? Even a small boy or girl will learn quickly what it means to be of service in his town or community. If this responsibility is developed in youth, it will carry on through the years, and we shall not need to worry when they become old enough to vote as to whether or not they will know how to choose the right men for office.

At this time of year, when elections throughout the country hold the interest of the older groups, one is conscious of the struggle in the political world today to choose men of integrity, honesty and loyalty to ideals. Good men are often defeated because unscrupulous men offer some mercenary inducement which it is difficult to resist. If we can teach our children at an early age that honesty is the best policy, and that in spite of temptation they must learn to know the good from the bad and to stand by their ideals, then we have

gained a background of character which will affect the entire nation.

The whole world is in need of leaders of men. Our Junior American Citizens some day will be leaders of men, some of them, and the others will follow them. What kind are they going to be? Now is the time to decide that.

It is the children with whom we must work, and we **MUST** work! It means vision, and a dream—vision to see the need of Junior American Citizens in the communities, and a dream of those children in the future.

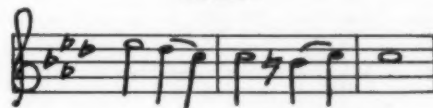
In my little school book of quotations, learned so many years ago, I remember one quotation which comes to me often with regard to these clubs:

"There's NO impossibility for him who stands prepared to conquer everything!"

ELEANOR GREENWOOD,

*National Chairman,
Junior American Citizens Committee.*

Advancement of American Music



nessee, and the famous Cherry Tree carol of the 15th century located in Kentucky.

The inherent beauty of the old carols is being successfully preserved through very careful editing on the part of those who are attempting to keep alive these songs of an earlier generation. It is not an easy task but a fascinating and a very important one.

Also expressive of the Christmas spirit are many hymns, solo songs, oratorios and

instrumental compositions. In these fields American composers have contributed many scholarly revisions and interesting new settings of old tunes. They are likewise giving us worthy original compositions inspired by the Christmas theme.

Thus, in homage to the Christ Child, Seasonal and Occasional music merge, leaving below space only for music by a few outstanding American composers born in December.

I. CHRISTMAS MUSIC

- Organ
 Christmas *Arthur Foote*
 (A. P. Schmidt Co.)
 Mixed chorus with children's choir
 O Nightingale, awake (Swiss Folk Song, 17th Cent.) *Clarence Dickinson*
 (The H. W. Gray Co.)
 Children's choir
 Come Marie, Elisabethette (Old Fr.) *Clarence Dickinson*
 (The H. W. Gray Co.)
 Violin
 Berceuse, Op. 40, No. 2 *Mrs. H. H. A. Beach*
 (Theo. Presser Co.)
 Andantino *Albert Spalding*
 (G. Schirmer, Inc.)
 Men's voices
 In Dulci Jubilo (Ancient Ger. Carol) *Arr. by A. T. Davison*
 Lo! How a Rose E'er Blooming (16th Cent.) *Praetorius-Davison*
 (E. C. Schirmer Co.)
 Solo-voice
 The Storke (Old Eng.) *J. W. Clokey*
 Sing Noel (Old Fr.) *J. W. Clokey*
 (J. Fischer & Bro.)
 Two Pianos
 Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring *J. S. Bach-Gest*
 (Harold Flammer, Inc.)
 Women's voices
 Carols from Southern Appalachian Mountains *Collected & arranged by*
 (Set 16—G. Schirmer, Inc.) *John Jacob Niles*
 Solo-voice and Violin
 In a Manger Lowly *Mabel Daniels*
 (G. Schirmer, Inc.)
 Mixed Chorus
 A Child Is Born in Bethlehem *G. W. Chadwick*
 (The H. W. Gray Co.)
 Before the Paling of the Stars *A. Walter Kramer*
 (J. Fischer & Bro.)

II. MUSIC BY COMPOSERS BORN IN DECEMBER

- Banjo Song—for Solo-voice *Sidney Homer*
 (G. Schirmer, Inc.) (Dec. 9, 1864)
 Rigaudon, Op. 49, No. 2 for Piano *Edward MacDowell*
 (A. P. Schmidt Co.) (Dec. 18, 1861)
 Old Gaelic Lullaby for Women's Voices *Henry K. Hadley*
 (C. C. Birchard & Co.) (Dec. 20, 1871)
 The King's Henchman—Opera *Deems Taylor*
 (Dec. 22, 1885)
 At Dawning—Arr. for Harp *Charles Wakefield Cadman*
 (Lyon & Healy) (Dec. 24, 1881)
 Trio, Op. 40 for Violin, Violoncello & Piano *Mana-Zucca*
 (Theo. Presser Co.) (Dec. 25, 1894)

JANET CUTLER MEAD,
 Chairman, Advancement of
 American Music.

Junior

Donegal Juniors, Lancaster, Pa.

TWO years ago, five girls gathered in a living room discussing possibilities of starting a Junior Group in connection with Donegal Chapter. There was a feeling of doubt that we might not grow, but the Donegal Juniors today boast of thirty-five members. These girls are interested, active and cooperative.

The eternal question which always arises when new members are approached is, "What do you do?" I cannot speak for all groups, but the Donegal Juniors have found plenty to do in their small way. We have found Approved Schools of vital interest, and have spent meetings in collecting books to send to them, and making scrap books for their pleasure. Through our rummage sales and card parties, we have obtained money to send to these schools for various projects.

At our first meeting this year, plans were enthusiastically made to have a rummage sale early in the year, the proceeds to be turned over to Pennsylvania's project of building the Health House at Tamassee. We have had pleasure in writing an original pageant, using our talented members for the production. There are so many things to keep any group active.

We try to make our meetings just as interesting as possible with studies of the Constitution, Parliamentary Law, and historical papers written by our members. The sociability and the fact that our organization is doing something worthwhile certainly justifies it, and we, Donegal Juniors, have found it so in our group.

MARY LEE FORNEY,
Chairman.



JUNIOR MEMBERSHIP
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Membership

Independence Hall Chapter Juniors, Philadelphia, Pa.

The first winter's activities of the Independence Hall Juniors proved successful and encouraging.

The first big project was doll dressing. Members dressed new and renovated dolls. The new dolls were sold. Part of the money was contributed to the Philo-Musian Club for their work in Americanism; the balance was used to buy toys. These toys, and renovated dolls were

given away at a Christmas party at the Well Baby Clinic.

A meeting with eight other Junior groups was held at the St. James Hotel. Our guest, Mrs. Pouch, concluded the meeting with motion pictures of the pages at the Washington Junior Assembly.

During the year, the Juniors offered their services at various Senior affairs. Members assisted at the Annual Luncheon in December, and at the Annual Card Party in February, as well as at the Annual Meeting for Reports from the Continental Congress. Two Juniors acted as color bearers and two as color guards at a Mass Meeting of the Women's National Defense of Philadelphia.

The event of the year was the Juniors' Card Party. Such a large amount was realized that the group plans to make the card party an annual affair.

The Get-Together, sponsored by Germantown and Independence Hall Juniors, at Haddon Hall, on September 24th, was the first activity of this season.

MARY E. FOLKER,
Chairman.

*Germantown Chapter Juniors,
Philadelphia, Pa.*

The pet project of the Germantown Chapter Juniors is the entertainment of the girls at the Florence Crittenton Home (for unmarried mothers and their babies). For two years now two or three of our members have visited Crittenton one evening a month for an informal party with the ten or fifteen girls temporarily staying there. The first few parties, most of us went armed to the teeth with prepared games, particularly of the "ice breakers" variety. Nowadays, all we worry about are some simple refreshments. The evening passes so easily that we frequently overstay our time. Each one of us has an opportunity to go about every three months so that there are generally several girls whom we have met before to welcome us.

Last Christmas our entire group spent the evening with the girls. We brought a tree and all of us trimmed it and sang carols. Under the tree was a package for each girl, containing a pair of silk stockings for her and a sweater for her baby. The sweaters were the product of a year of knitting on our part. This Christmas, we plan to have them fit a little more accurately.

Our group also has a Tamassee girl, and we send money to Crossnore.

GERTRUDE S. BUTLER.

*Caesar Rodney Juniors,
Wilmington, Delaware*

Since last reporting on the Junior Page, the Juniors of Caesar Rodney Chapter have taken a fresh lease on projects, major and minor. There was a radiant Santa Claus to distribute the gifts for the children at the annual party at the Brandywine Sanatorium last December, and several reels of Mickey Mouse "et al." were shown, the films having been borrowed from a local public school.

The Juniors are interested in the individual children at the Sanatorium and glasses were furnished one little girl so that she too might read the books contributed by the Caesar Rodney Juniors to form the "Becker Library" at the Sanatorium.

The approved schools have not been for-

gotten in this focus of local interest and a little girl at Tamassee School has been adopted by the group.

A tumultuous time was had at a recent meeting when four less-than-a-year-old babies were present and (more or less) graciously acknowledged receipt of silver C. A. R. baby spoons given in anticipation of their possible future membership in that organization. The Juniors are planning to help with the local C. A. R. society this winter. They are also hoping to organize a Junior American Citizens Club.

In May, the Juniors were honored in having Mrs. Pouch, formerly National Director, as their guest at a dinner.

About ten Juniors attended the Junior Assembly last April and an equal number the Regional Conference in Atlantic City this past September.

The group has sponsored several radio programs in the State D. A. R. series. Three of these were devoted to National Defense, in cooperation with the National Reserve Officers Association.

The Caesar Rodney Juniors take part in all state activities, contributing to the flag purchased for Annapolis, the State Student Loan Fund, the Approved Schools, Ellis Island, and the Junior Assembly Scholarship Fund.

MARY ADELE HORTZ,
Junior Recording Secretary.

The Interstate meeting of the Junior Daughters of the American Revolution of the eastern region was held recently at Haddon Hall, Atlantic City, New Jersey. Five states participated, namely New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and the District of Columbia—representing in all fifteen districts.

The Juniors were honored in having the President General, Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., as the speaker of the day. Among the guests were the following state regents: Mrs. Joseph G. Forney of Pennsylvania; Mrs. James H. Scott of Delaware; and Mrs. G. H. Perkins of New Jersey.

Miss Dorothy Jenkins of Philadelphia acted as chairman, and was elected chairman of the now permanent organization holding an interstate meeting in the fall of each year.

MARY ELISABETH HOFF.



REPRODUCTION OF THE EMBLEM APPEARING ON THE CHARTER OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY, CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Christina Hench

FROM Mrs. Lelia Emig's book, "The Annals of the Hench and Drumgold Reunion," I have received much information concerning Christina Hench, the wife of John Hench. They lived in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and attended church at the old mother church, St. Vincent German Reformed. Here are records of the confirmations of six of the children, from 1776 to 1778 and the age of each at the time.

Christina's husband and two sons served in the Continental army, the former as a second lieutenant in the Fourth Battalion Pennsylvania Continental Line, while she gave valuable aid from home. She acted as a nurse at a hospital erected by General Washington at Yellow Springs, easing pain, giving comfort, and doing all she could for the soldiers who were sick or had been wounded. One evening part of General Wayne's division camped in the meadow of the Hench farm, after retreating across the valley hill from the Battle of Brandywine. Mr. Hench, a staunch Whig, gave the soldiers the privilege of taking for themselves anything they desired from the farm. They readily accepted the offer and built fires from fence posts. Then they killed enough bullocks to supply themselves with meat. The animals were used to provide clothing as well as food. Some of the men were shoeless, and these took the hides to make footgear. By placing the foot on a piece of the soft flesh-side and folding it up over the foot, they shaped a crude shoe secured with rawhide thongs, also from the hides of the

butchered beasts. The soldiers also helped themselves to peaches, leaving a large orchard bare of fruit.

Christina Hench worked very hard to help the soldiers during their stay at her farm. She even permitted her house to be used for officers' quarters while she spent the entire night at her doughtray, kneading and baking bread for them. In the morning she returned to the house and noticed that the officers appeared excited. When she asked the cause, she was informed that a duel was to be fought by two wounded officers occupying separate bedrooms in her house. Already their waiters were downstairs cleaning and loading the pistols. She abruptly ended the quarrel by taking the pistols from the waiters and proceeding upstairs to the officers to deliver a lecture to them, telling the gentlemen that she would not allow such conduct in her home. So tactful was she that the two left her home later as friends.

Her death was caused by service to the cause of freedom, for she contracted typhus fever from patients she nursed at Yellow Springs and died, as did also her neighbor and kinswoman, Abigail Rice. It is a very interesting fact that these ladies, who lived near each other, attended the same church, and had so much in common, were both my ancestors.

IDA HOLMAN,
Member of Governor Thomas
Welles Society, C. A. R.,
Washington, D. C.

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

(Organized—October 11, 1890)

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Seventeenth and D Streets N. W., Washington, D. C.

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IN MEXICAN AND SPANISH settlements throughout our country, the ancient ceremony of *Las Posados* is still preserved.

Nine nights before Christmas, a candle-lighted procession, following statues of the Holy Pair, whose images are reverently borne, weaves its way from door to door seeking shelter for those who "can find no room at the inn." It is part of this pageantry that at first such shelter shall be refused, and that only after an explanation that a Holy Child is expected, and that His Mother's extremity is great, shall a welcoming door be thrown open. Then there is great rejoicing and a brilliant festival follows.

No one who has participated in this festival or even watched it from afar can have failed to be deeply affected; it is moving and mystic, and poignantly symbolic. Long after it is over, the attributes of the ancient Spanish ceremony continue to haunt us. And not only emotionally, not only symbolically. Our senses have been stirred, to be sure; but our eyes have been opened and our minds awakened also. Searchingly we ask the question, "Have we ourselves kept the doors of our hearts and homes closed against the Christ Child and His Mother?"

Not consciously perhaps. Cynics and skeptics to the contrary, most persons are neither hard-hearted nor faithless. They are tenderly inclined toward little children, and they believe in One who epitomized the necessity and the beauty of them all. But they are careless. They lack vision. They do not realize the need or glimpse the glory. So they shut their doors and the procession passes on. By and by, when they are ready and willing to keep open house, it is too late. They are practical persons, they are always among the first to preach that opportunity knocks but once, they are contemptuous of those who do not seize upon every chance for self-advancement. Yet when their own supreme moment comes, they let it escape them. Someone else assuages the Mother. The Child is cradled elsewhere.

This is a tragedy which we all casually and constantly invite. For the hearthstone unbeautified by the presence of the Christ Child is a desolate one. Those of us who have had a little child in our midst, or who have had one and lost it, know something of this desolation. Something, but not everything. Only those whom the Divine Child has passed by know it in its entirety.

This year, when the festival season rolls around, starlit and silent, let us celebrate *Las Posados* in spirit, even if we cannot celebrate it in the flesh. Let us set our house in order and light our candles. Into the sanctuary which we ourselves have made will come a light from Heaven; and we shall see the glory of the Christ Child giving radiance to our home.

Frances Parkman Keyes

